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ONE SHILLING.

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THE CHIEF MOURNER OF THE UNKNOWN BRITISH WARRIOR: HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

The King, as head of the Nation, was the Chief Mourner of the Unknown British Warrior laid to rest in Westminster Abbey on Armistice Day. It was arranged that his Majesty, accompanied by the Prince of Wales and other members of the Royal Family, should arrive before the Cenotaph in Whitehall at 10.50 a.m., and there await the funeral procession. It was further decided that, after the un-

veiling of the Cenotaph by his Majesty, at II o'clock, there should follow the Two Minutes' Silence; then the sounding of the "Last Post"; and the re-forming of the procession, with the King, on foot, as Chief Mourner. The arrangements provided that, in the event of a black fog, the Cenotaph ceremony would be abandoned, and the coffin borne straight to the Abbey.

PHOTOGRAPH BY RUSSELL.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

WHEN I remarked here that science is merging into mere superstition, I did not necessarily mean that I have any special dislike of superstition. I meant it merely as a historical fact, a thing of objective observation. The transition in modern Britain, from the time of the first Darwinians to the time of the last Darwinians, does in fact resemble the transition in ancient Britain from the time of Agricola to the time of Arthur. In many ways, I myself greatly prefer the time of Arthur. The Roman law had then become merely the Roman legend; but I happen to like legends. Similarly, the facts of exact science are now everywhere fading into the fancies of popular science. But I happen to have great sympathy with things that are popular, even when they pretend to be

scientific. Just as something, that was not so much Rome as the long, fantastic shadow flung by her towers at sunset, fell across the whole earth and created the Dark Ages, so something, that is not Reason, but a sort of irrational, exaggerated shadow of it, is darkening the world to-day; and in the dark there are already dreams. But I do not see why some of them should not be good dreams, like that vision of Arthur that appeared in purple and panoply in the starless midnight of Christendom.

But if anybody doubts that science is drifting into mere dreams, and sometimes into mere nightmares of the most nonsensical sort, it will be enough for him to read the newspapers. Let it be noted that the whole point here is in things considered as news, not considered as facts. It is not a question of what extraordinary things can be done, but of what extraordinary things can be believed, or can even be rumoured as being believed. Their presence in popular journalism proves my point about popular science, even if the journalism and the science are both inaccurate. I will take in passing only two particular cases. One is a paragraph in the papers saying that scientific ex-plorers are fitting out an expedition into the interior of Asia, to look for the Missing Link. The other is another paragraph in the papers about some new instrument made by Mr. Edison, which he seems to offer as a sort of challenge to the Spiritualists, since it is calculated to record spirit voices if they could be recorded. The first piece of nonsense may be quite unjust to the evolution-

ists; the second may or quite unjust to the eminent electrician. These individuals may never have said any such thing; the point is that great masses of people are prepared to read and repeat and possibly believe such things. That is what I mean when I say that science is merging into superstition; and all its lore is turning into legends before our very eyes.

I will not dwell on the new alleged adventure of the Darwinians, which sounds exactly like an old-fashioned burlesque of Darwinism. It is like some faded fantasia in an old volume of *Punch* about travellers who saw a sort of monkey on a stick, and found it was the Missing Link climbing the North Pole. But it is even more like some traveller's tale of the Dark Ages, adorned with mad maps and monstrous zoology. A journey into the East to find the Missing Link is exactly like some pilgrimage into the East to find the kingdom of

Prester John. Both were shadowy figures with some faint warrant in wiser speculations, but turned into a positive image by creative credulity. What wiser speculations may have been behind the newspaper paragraph I do not know, and it does not affect the credulous tone of that paragraph. It is obvious that such newspaper-writers, and probably many newspaper-readers, really imagine that there must be a Missing Link as there must have been a Whitechapel Murderer. They never even stop to think of the meaning of the two words. If they did, of course, they would see that the "M.L." is not an animal, or even an argument, but simply the failure of an argument. He is a hole, a hiatus, a gap where a case breaks down. It is as if a man went climbing trees in a tropical

according to certain little-understood laws, certain conditions permit spirits to pass from a mental world like that of thoughts to a material world like that of things. What is that bridge between mind and matter has, of course, been the unsolved riddle of all philosophies. But obviously a material machine can merely deal with things, though with smaller and smaller things; there is no reason to suppose that it could touch a world of thoughts at all. The conditions under which a spiritual world can materialise must depend on the nature of the spiritual world; it is not necessarily deducible by certain methods of the material world. This is true even of thoughts that are practically admitted among things. Telepathy is as much admitted as telegraphy. But that is no reason for an electricity at a first telegraphy.

trician expecting to find telepathposts and telepath-wires running
along the High Street; it should
not lead him to his waiting impatiently for a little telepath-boy
to bring him a pink telepath in an
orange envelope. There is a fallacy
involved. It is the supposition
that those speaking of the psychical
mean merely some thinner or fainter
form of the material. It is like
saying that if we had a long enough
telescope we could see the day after
to-morrow; or that if we had a
strong enough microscope we could
analyse the nature of minus one.

These notions of the power of science are quite unreasonable. But their force does not lie in reason, but in imagination. We have slipped without knowing it-if not into an age of faith, at least into an age of fancy. It appeals to the fancy to suppose that somewhere in the dark heart of Asia there still dwells that mysterious monster who holds the secret of the separation of man from nature. It appeals to the fancy to suggest that a man might make an instrument so delicate, a sort of Æolian harp of steel, that it should establish a wireless telegraphy with the dead. And it is quite probable that this sort of romance of science may linger on as a picturesque superstition among industrial populations that have lost a more reasonable religion. But this worship of science is not in the least scientific. The people who enjoy it demand far less proof of its predictions than they would of an ordinary prophet like Old Moore. They love the mystery much more than the solution of the mystery. The mere word "science" has become a mystical and even magical word. The new

religions use it as a word of power, even when they are mortally opposed to its ordinary meaning, as in the case of the religion of Mrs. Eddy. The very system which would deny and destroy all physiological science, all medical science, all anatomical and surgical science, still calls itself Christian Science.

I will not discuss whether this drift of material inquiry towards mere dreams is, as some would say, a part of a social decline. In that matter I think it possible, in a reasonable reaction from a crude creed of progress, to go too far in the direction of a creed of pessimism. But I am personally convinced that, if we do go through another interlude of barbarism, it will be a creed very different from either that will alone enable us to rebuild civilisation—the same creed that did rebuild civilisation after the barbarous interlude of the Dark Ages.

The Unknown Dead.

HE died alone in the dark, the borrible dark, And no man knew where he lay.

This body was shattered and flung by the monstrous Where the shell-fiends slay. [death

Hurled to the winds by the mine, the terror unknown That sudden leaps from below—

The lay in the no-man's land, the desolate bell Where none may go.

the passed where a crash of stone and a blazing town where his unwatched funeral pyre.

The fell in the flaming wreck of his broken wings In a shroud of fire.

The infinite waters bide his burial-place,

And the great waves speak no name.

The went from the Sea and the Land on unnumbered Unknown to fame. [fields,

With the trumpets' peal, with the roll of the muffled Our bomage we fitly bring. forums,

We carry bim bome, and the Mation forms his guard, this nearest—the Tking.

The lies with his peers, in the Country's sanctuary Where makers of Britain trod.

And will bold our pride in faith till Reveille sounds At the call of God.

BEATRIX BRICE.

(See Double-Page Illustration.)

forest looking for the fallacy of the undistributed middle. It is as if he expected an *Ignoratio Elenchi* to have a furry coat and a tail. It is as if he sailed round the world, fishing for an argument in a circle.

The attitude attributed to Mr. Edison, quite unjustly for all I know, is even more typical of the superstition of some semi-barbaric time. It is obvious that the mythical tendency is simply turning Edison into a magician, as it turned Virgil into a magician, or Friar Bacon into a magician. Tradition will say that he had a machine through which ghosts could speak, as the wizard Vergilius might have had a mirror in which ghosts could appear, or the marvellous friar a harp to which ghosts would dance. Whatever the eminent inventor really did claim or propose, it is manifest nonsense to propose to test Spiritualism by any electrical machine. Spiritualism alleges that,

NOTE: ARMISTICE DAY.

Armistice Day—the unveiling of the Cenotoph and the burial of the Unknown British Warrior in the Abbey—will be dealt with very fully in the next issue of "The Illustrated London News," which will form a complete Memorial Number and Record of an event that will live in History.

FROM FAR AND NEAR: NOTABLE EVENTS ILLUSTRATED.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY I.B., L.N.A., TOPICAL, AND AGENZIA FOTOGRAPICA ITALIANA.



THE FRENCH GOVERNOR OF MOROCCO ENTERING THE HOLY CITY OF OUEZZAN: GENERAL LYAUTEY (RIGHT), FOLLOWED BY GENERALS POEYMIRAU AND MAURIAL.



DELIVERED FROM MOROCCAN REBELS BY THE FRENCH OCCUPATION: THE KAID SI ALLAL, OF OUEZZAN, BEING PRESENTED TO GENERAL LYAUTEY.



A SEQUEL TO THE MURDER OF DISTRICT INSPECTOR KELLEHER:
RESULTS OF A RAID AT GRANARD, CO. LONGFORD



HAVOC AT GRANARD AFTER THE RAID: INHABITANTS EXAMINING THE RUINS OF ONE OF THE FIFTEEN BUILDINGS DESTROYED.



ROME'S VICTORY CELEBRATIONS: FLAGS OF ALL REGIMENTS THAT SERVED IN THE WAR PARADED AT THE VICTOR EMMANUEL MONUMENT.

French troops in Morocco, under General Poeymirau, occupied on October 2 the holy city of Ouezzan, thus liberating it from the oppression of the Djebala rebels. On October 7 General Lyautey, the French Governor-General of Morocco, made a solemn entry into the city, which was en fête for the occasion and received him with joy. Among those presented to him was the Kaid Si Allal, a religious chief, who had had to remain in hiding from the rebels to escape assassination.—

The little Irish town of Granard, in Co. Longford, was the scene of a destructive raid on the night of November 3, when the Market Hall and fourteen other



THE ITALIAN ROYAL FAMILY AT THE RECENT VICTORY CELEBRATIONS IN ROME: (L. TO R.) THE QUEEN MOTHER, THE QUEEN OF ITALY, AND THE KING OF ITALY.

buildings were burnt down. On the previous Sunday, District Inspector Kelleher, aged 23, had been shot dead there in the bar of the Greville Arms.—Italy celebrated, on November 4, the second anniversary of the victory of Vittorio Veneto. In Rome there was a procession in which were carried the banners of all the regiments which had taken part in the war. The King of Italy mounted the Altare della Patria and stood in front of the Statue of Rome. He was accompanied by Queen Elena, Queen Margarita (the Queen Mother), the Crown Prince, the Duke of Aosta, and other members of the Royal Family.

SPORT AND EARNEST: NOTABLE EVENTS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL, SPORT AND GENERAL, C.N., I.B., AND PHOTOPRESS.



LEAGUE FOOTBALL: THE QUEEN'S PARK RANGERS' FIRST ELEVEN—
A WELL-KNOWN TEAM IN THE THIRD DIVISION.



LEAGUE FOOTBALL: A WELL-KNOWN SECOND DIVISION TEAM—THE FULHAM FIRST ELEVEN, AND THEIR SECRETARY-MANAGER.



MAKER OF A CENTURY FOR THE M.C.C. V. SOUTH AUSTRALIA: RUSSELL (ESSEX).



BY THE DESIGNER OF THE CENOTAPH, SIR E. LUTYENS: SOUTHAMPTON'S WAR MEMORIAL UNVEILED



NEARLY 200 MILES AN HOUR IN THE AIR: CAPT. DE ROMANET, THE FRENCH AVIATOR.



LORD LEVERHULME'S PENANCE FOR THE MUTILATION OF AUGUSTUS JOHN'S PORTRAIT
OF HIM: ART STUDENTS "GUYING" HIM ON GUY FAWKES DAY.

League football is in full swing all over the country. On Saturday, November 6, the Queen's Park Rangers played a drawn game (2 goals all) with Southampton, and Fulham was beaten by Blackpool by I goal to 0. The teams played were not exactly as shown above. — In the M.C.C. v. S. Australia cricket match at Adelaide, the M.C.C. "declared" after making 512 for 5 wickets. Russell made 156, and Hearne 182. — A war memorial to 1800 Southampton men fallen in the war was recently unveiled there by General Seely, M.P. It was designed by Sir Edwin Lutyens before he designed the Cenotaph. — M. Bernard de Romanet, the French airman, made a new speed record of 192 miles an hour at the Buc

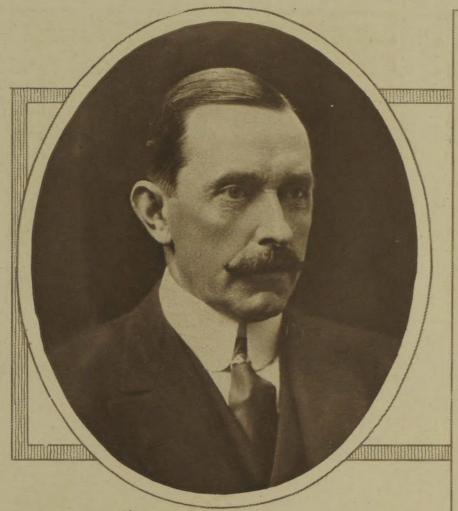


THE PREMIER'S INSPECTION OF R.I.C. AUXILIARY POLICE: (L. TO R.) SIR HAMAR GREENWOOD (SEC. FOR IRELAND), MR. LLOYD GEORGE, MR. BONAR LAW.

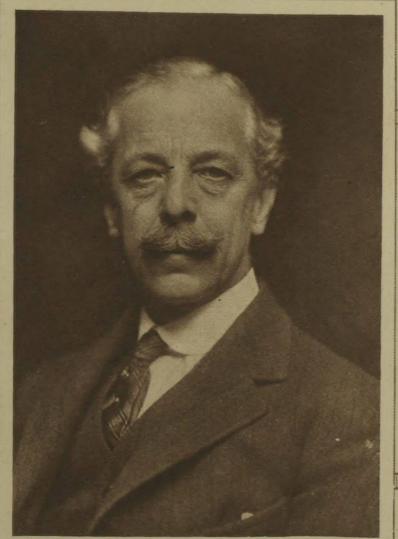
Aerodrome on November 4. At one time he was going at 199 m.p.h.—A portrait of Lord Leverhulme by Augustus John was recently returned to the artist with the head cut out. In revenge, 500 art students burnt an effigy of Lord Leverhulme in Hyde Park on November 5. The caricature carried in the procession was afterwards left outside the National Gallery.—Mr. Lloyd George inspected at the Foreign Office on November 5 a party of Royal Irish Constabulary who came over from Ireland for the funeral of two of their comrades killed by Sinn Feiners. The party comprised twenty members of the regular R.I.C. and twenty cadets (all ex-officers) of the Auxiliary Division, wearing khaki uniform and Balmoral bonnets.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: MEN PROMINENT IN PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RUSSELL, BERESFORD, AND LIZZIE CASWALL SMITH.



THE ORIGINATOR OF THE PLAN FOR THE BURIAL OF AN UNKNOWN WARRIOR IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY: COL. W. W. ASHLEY, M.P.



WRITING "THE NAVAL HISTORY OF THE WAR," TO INCLUDE AN ACCOUNT OF THE BATTLE OF JUTLAND: SIR JULIAN CORBETT.



AUTHOR OF EXPOSURES OF BOLSHEVISM PUBLISHED IN THIS PAPER: SIR PAUL DUKES, KNIGHTED FOR "VALUABLE SERVICES."



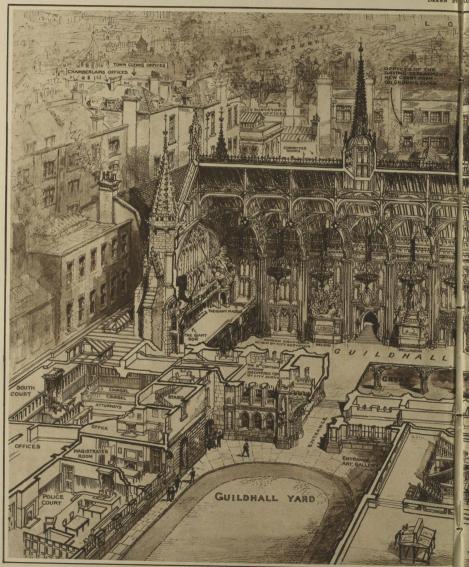
COMPILER OF THE OFFICIAL REPORT OF THE BATTLE OF JUTLAND WHICH IS NOT TO BE PUBLISHED: CAPT. J. E. T. HARPER, R.N.

The suggestion to bury an Unknown Warrior in Westminster Abbey on Armistice Day originally came from Lieut.-Col. Wilfrid William Ashley, M.P. He represents the Fylde Division of Lancashire as a Conservative, and from 1906 to 1918 was Member for Blackpool. He commanded the 20th Batt. King's Liverpool Regiment in 1914-15, and is Chairman of the Executive Committee of Comrades of the Great War.—Sir Paul Dukes was recently made a K.B.E. "for valuable services to his Majesty's Government." After the Russian Revolution he lived for ten months in Russia and made a close study of the Bolshevist régime from personal observation. He managed to escape by joining the Red Army. His exposures, many of which appeared in this paper, have done much to open the eyes of the public to the real character of Bolshevism.—Much discussion has been caused

by the announcement in Parliament, on October 27, that the Admiralty had decided after all not to publish an official account of the Battle of Jutland, which had been prepared by Capt. Harper and his assistants, and completed last year. The Admiralty stated that Sir Julian Corbett's "Naval History of the War," the first volume of which appeared last March, would include an account of Jutland, and that all the material prepared would be placed at his disposal. He is writing under the authority of the Committee of Imperial Defence. The Prime Minister has since promised papers regarding Jutland, to include "the full despatches and all special instructions and orders emanating from either the Admiralty or the Commander-in-Chief prior to the battle," but stated that battle-orders, being very confidential, must be kept secret.

THE SCENE OF THE LORD MAYOR'S BANQUET FOR OVER FOUR HUNDRED YEARS: THE GUILDHALL.

DRAWN BY JAROLD OAKLEY,



WHERE THE NEW LORD MAYOR OF LONDON GAVE HIS BANQUET ON NOVEMBER 9: LIBRARY, ART GALLERY, LORD MAYOR'S

This year, owing to the Coal Strike, the Lord Mayor's Show did not take place in its customary form. There was no pageantry, and the procession was limited to the official carriages occupied by civic dignituries, the new Lord Mayor (Alderman James Roll) in his state coach, the retiring Lord Mayor, the Sheriffs, Alderman, and City Companies. There was an escort of Hussars and mounted City Police, and the mounted band of the Royal Artillery. They procession left the Guildhall at 12,30 and returned thither at 3.45. The Prime Minister arranged to speak at the Banquet in the evening. The Guildhall was first used for the purpose of a Lord Mayor's feast in the year 1500.



THE GUILDHALL—A SECTIONAL DRAWING SHOWING THE POSITION OF THE CRYPT, ROOM, AND LADY MAYORESS'S BALCONY.

when Sir J. Shaw held the office. The original building was begun in 1411. It was partly destroyed in the Great Fire of 1666, and was rebuilt in its present form, by George Dance, in 1789. The Crypt is ancient. In our illustration the upper parts of the building have been cut away disgrammatically to show the interior. At the left end of the hall itself will be seen the position of the gigantic figures of Gog and Magog. Below are fifteenth-century windows discovered in 1910 by the City Surveyor. On the far side of the hall, towards the right, is the Lady Mayores's balcony, and beyond the right-hand end is the Lord Mayor's room.—[Jorning Copyrights in the United States and Canala.]

THE HIGHEST NAVAL AND MILITARY HONOURS FOR THE UNKNOWN WARRIOR: THE FAMOUS PALL-BEARERS.

SKETCHES BY FRANCIS DODD, BY COURTESY OF THE IMPERIAL WAR MUSEUM; PHOTOGRAPHS BY SWAINE AND BASSANO.









AIR-MARSHAL SIR HUGH TRENCHARD. FIELD-MARSHAL LORD FRENCH.



FIELD-MARSHAL LORD HAIG,



FIELD-MARSHAL LORD METHUEN

gun-carriage at Victoria. In the order of procession, officers and men drawn from various units of the Royal Navy, the Mercantile Marine, from practically every unit of the Army, and from the Air Force, followed the bands and drums of the regiments of Foot Guards and the pipes of the Scots Guards. This combined force, representing the fighting Services, numbered 828 of all ranks. Following these were four hundred men representing the ex-Service men's organisations. Later in the procession came Service members of the Board of Admiralty and the Army and Air Councils.

That every fitting honour might be paid to all that was mortal of the Unknown Warrior laid to rest in Westminster Abbey, it was arranged that the pall-bearers should be the most distinguished British warriors able to attend on the historic occasion, and that Admirals-of-the-Fleet Sir Hedworth Meux, Lord Beatty, and Sir Henry Jackson; Admirals Sir Doveton Sturdee and Sir Charles Madden; Field-Marshals Lord French, Lord Haig, Lord Methuen, and Sir Henry Wilson; Generals Lord Horne and Lord Bung; and Air-Marshal Sir Hugh Trenchard should act in this capacity. It was further decided that a Field-Marshal's salute should be fired in Hyde Park as the body was placed on the

THE CASKET FOR ALL THAT WAS MORTAL OF THE BRITISH WARRIOR.

PHOTOGRAPH BY WALSHAMS, LTD.



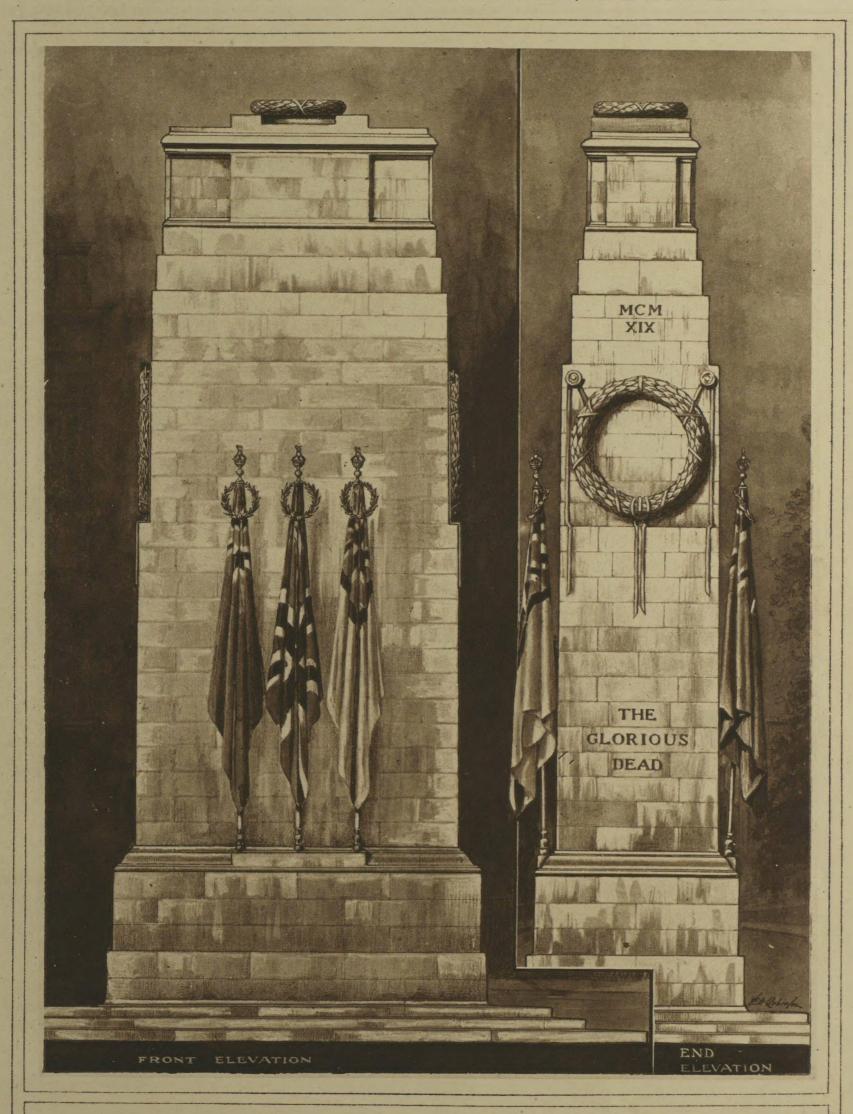
IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY: THE COFFIN FOR THE REMAINS OF THE UNKNOWN WARRIOR.

The coffin, here shown as photographed in Westminster Abbey before it was taken to France to receive the remains, bears the inscription: "A British Warrior who Fell in the Great War, 1914-1918, for King and Country." It was constructed by the British Undertakers' Association, as their tribute to the Glorious Dead. The inscription on the temporary stone over the grave in the Abbey is the same, with the addition, "Greater Love hath No Man than This." The

Orders by Major-Gen. Jeffreys, Commanding the London District, included the following: "At Victoria Station . . . the bearers will be on the platform to receive the coffin, which they will cover with the Union Jack, on which they will place the steel helmet and side-arms." The Union Jack used to cover the coffin was brought from one of the battlefields of France, where it was often used to cover the coffin of a British soldier.

IN LASTING HONOUR OF THE GLORIOUS DEAD: THE CENOTAPH.

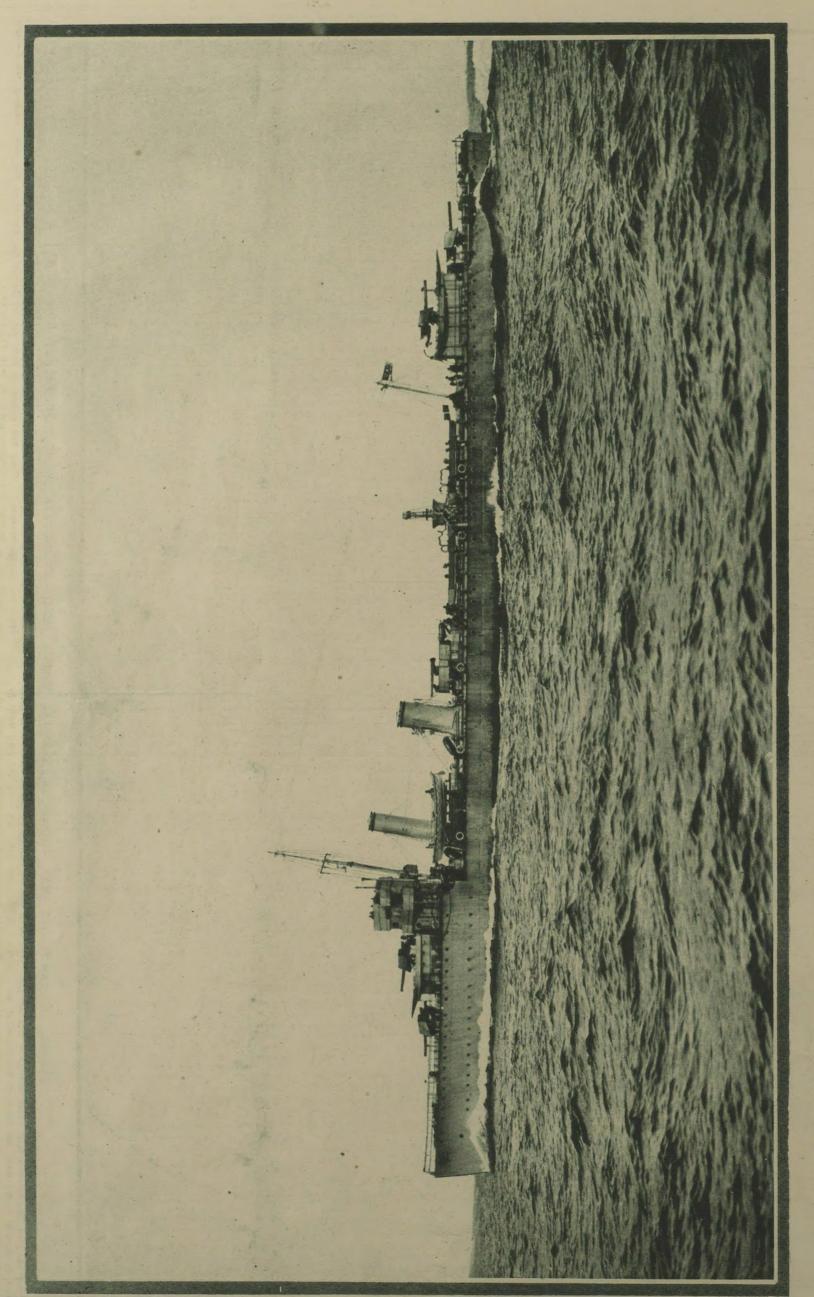
DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. B. ROBINSON, BY COURTESY OF SIR EDWIN LUTYENS, FROM HIS COPYRIGHT DESIGN.



NOW IN SOLID STONE: THE CENOTAPH IN WHITEHALL WHICH THE KING ARRANGED TO UNVEIL ON ARMISTICE DAY—
(FRONT AND END ELEVATIONS) SHOWING POINTS OF DIFFERENCE FROM THE PREVIOUS TEMPÓRARY STRUCTURE.

The temporary Cenotaph erected in Whitehall for the Victory March of July 19, 1919, has since been rebuilt in Portland stone in the same form, to remain there as a permanent national memorial to the "Glorious Dead" of the British forces who fell in the Great War. The Cenotaph was designed by Sir Edwin Lutyens, the famous architect, who gave his services free. There are certain differences of detail between the new monument and the previous structure. Instead of the flag draped over the top of the latter, there is now a carved laurel wreath in stone, and similar carvings adorn each end, where formerly

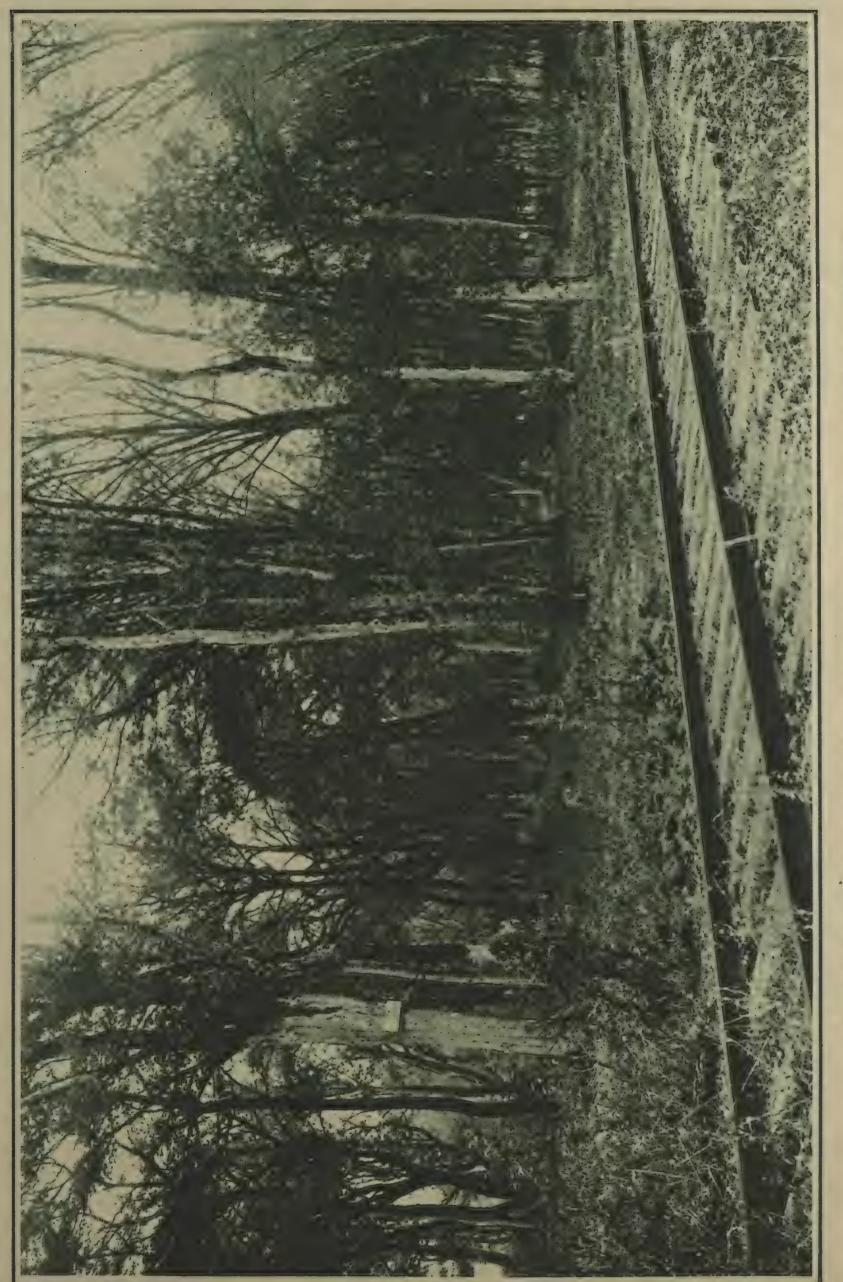
wreaths of real laurel hung. It was at one time intended to place carvings of flags on the front, but eventually actual bunting was used, as shown in our drawing. At the top ends of the flag-poles are now small figures of lions. The new Cenotaph was chosen as a central point in the funeral procession of the Unknown Warrior on Armistice Day. It was arranged that the King, as Chief Mourner, should await the cortège there, and unveil the Cenotaph as Big Ben finished striking II. Later, four sentries—one each from the Navy, Army, Marines, and Air Force—were posted at the corners,—[Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



"VERDUN"-A SYMBOL OF ANGLO-FRENCH BROTHERHOOD-IN-ARMS. THE SEA-HEARSE OF THE UNKNOWN BRITISH WARRIOR: H.M.S.

the ceremony) one should be chosen as the Unknown Warrior of France to be buried with national honours in Paris. It was arranged that H.M.S. "Verdun" should arrive at Dover, from Boulogne, with the body of the British warrior, on November 10, and that a Field-Marshal's salute of nineteen guns should be fired during the landing of the body. The "Verdun" was constructed by Messrs. R. and W. Hawthorn, Leslie and Co., Ltd., at Hebburn-on-Tyne, in 1917.

The British destroyer "Verdun" was specially chosen for her name, as a compilment to our French Allies, to bring from France the body of an unknown British warrior to be buried in Westminster Abbey on Armistice Day. The name of Verdun is a symbol of French herolsm. That city is also intimately associated with the French Armistice Day celebrations, for to the citadel of Verdun were to be brought, from various battle-fronts, nine bodies, from which, on November 10 (the eve of



IN MARSHAL FOCH'S TRAIN-FORGOTTEN IN THE FOREST SIGNED WHERE THE ARMISTICE WAS

"Train du maréchal Foch," and the other (about 100 yards away), seen put up before the arrival of the train bringing the German

It took M. Jean Clair-Guyot several hours recently to find the exact spot, on a military railway in the Forest of Complègne where, in Marshal Foch's train, the Armistice was signed at 5.15 a.m. on November 11, 1918. No steps had been taken transk this historic spot, or to preserve it as a place of pilgrimage. Two little notices were found fixed to trees, one (see

GASSING THE GASSED TO CURE THEM: A PARIS DOCTOR'S REMEDY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROL, SUPPLIED BY M. G. PEYTAVI-FAUGERES.



FOR ADMINISTERING ANTI-TOXIC GAS TO COUNTERACT POISON-GAS: THREE INHALING-TUBES AT DR. ARNOLD'S CLINIC FOR GASSED SOLDIERS AT AUTEUIL, PARIS.

DESCRIBING his method of treatment for gassed men, Dr. Arnold said (as quoted by our correspondent, M. Peytavi-Faugères): "It is very simple. Having proved the failure of remedies conveyed by way of the blood, I had recourse to a system of inhalation, that is, the penetration of the bronchial system with a vaporised bacteria-killing medicament. But the gas thus vaporised must be applied with a certain pressure, in order to penetrate and impregnate those parts of the lungs affected by poisonous gas. In short, these gases are of balsamic bactericide composition. Brought to a high temperature in the machines shown in one of the photographs, the balsamic products for saturating the lungs become volatile and mix with steam, by means of which they are carried into the system. Thus, where poison gas has ravaged the tissues, anti-toxic gas is infused, [Cominued below.



WHERE THE PATIENTS DISROBE AND DON WHITE DRESSING GOWNS: A CORRIDOR OF CURTAINED CHANGING-ROOMS.



TAKING CURATIVE GAS TO HEAL THE EFFECTS OF GERMAN GAS: A PATIENT AT ONE OF THE INHALING-TUBES.



WHERE THE ANTI-TOXIC GAS IS PREPARED AND DISTRIBUTED: DR. ARNOLD'S PLANT FOR VAPORISING BALSAMIC BACTERICIDE.

Continued.]
and spreads slowly over the wounds and heals them. In short, one adopts the German method, but this time in order to cure its terrible effects. I have not had a single case of gassing that has resisted the treatment. Out of a hundred patients I have cured a hundred." From the gas-producing apparatus the gas is conveyed by pipes to the room where the patients are treated, and they inhale it from a tube protruding through a partition wall. While they are doing so, one of the medical staff listens to the action of the lungs, with his ear against the patient's back, and is thus able to gauge the progress of recovery.

HOPE FOR THE 200,000 FRENCHMEN GASSED: AN ANTIDOTE AGAINST GERMANY'S DIABOLICAL INVENTION.

"The attention of the French public," writes M. G. Peytavi-Faugères (of the Agence' Télégraphique "Radio") who sends us these interesting photographs, "has been more and more attracted by the fine humanitarian work undertaken by Dr. Arnold, a Paris doctor, whose clinic is situated in the Rue Erlanger. Moved with pity for the soldiers gassed in the war, who, for want of adequate treatment, died by hundreds every day, he sought a remedy for those unfortunate men who still clung to life, to enable them to recover health and vigour.

Relying entirely on his own resources—necessarily very limited when one remembers that there are still nearly 200,000 gassed men in France, Dr. Arnold established at Auteuil an installation where he applies his methods with most consoling results. There is not a single gassed man who has entered his doors that has not left them completely cured. . . . The official authorities are taking a practical interest in Dr. Arnold's work. One can only hope that his system, equally applicable to tuberculosis, will come increasingly into common use."

Presented by LEON M. LION and CHARLES KENYON.

CAST.								
Dr. Miller	E. HOLMAN CLARK	Sir Roger Pilkington BASSETT ROE						
Dr. Eric Miller, his son	GEORGE HAYES	(Chairman of the Valleyhead Railway Company)						
Dr. John Wrigley, his friend \ Late R.A.M.C. \	CHARLES KENYON	Ben Ormerod LAUDERDALE MAITLAND						
Dr. Donald	ARTHUR EWART	"Tubby" - Medical Students KENNETH KENT REGINALD DENHAM						
Alfred Fletcher Watson, K.C., M.P.	ARTHUR PHILLIPS							
(Member for Valleyhead Division)		Gordon Montague Leon M. Lion						
Walter Dewhurst, M.P	- OLAF HYTTEN	Mary Miller, Eric's wife Marjorie Day						
(One of the Amalgamated Society of Railwaymen)		Rose Ormerod, Ben's wife LILIAN CHRISTINE						
Mr. James (Solicitor to the British Medical Association)	F. B. J. SHARP	Elizabeth (Dr. Miller's housekeeper; Eric's old nurse) - LAURA SMITHSON						

The action of the Play takes place in Valleyhead, Lancashire.

ACT I.

The morning-room of Dr. Miller's House, Laurel Mount, Valleyhead, Lancashire.

A large, comfortable, rather old-fashioned room. . A door [right] leads into the hall; a large, low window up at the back. Another door [left centre] leads into the rest of the house; the fireplace is left. Fire burning in grate. Windows open. Door up centre. The furniture is mahogany and substantial, dating,

one might judge, from the days of the Doctor's marriage, some time in the 'eighties.

The engravings on the walls—prominent amongst which one notices one of "The Doctor"—are good, and can offend no one. A large map of the type issued by the "Daily Mail," to show the Western Front, is pinned up alongside the mantelpiece.

There are several photographs of officers and groups of officers scattered about. A table laid with afternoon tea-things for three persons stands down centre.

A large settee is opposite the fire. An arm-chair, several single chairs, a writing-table, all complete the furnishing of what is the comfortable, homely living-room of a middle-class family.

It is four o'clock in early autumn, and quite cold enough to warrant the cheerful fire burning in the fireplace.

ELIZABETH, Dr. Miller's housekeeper, is busy giving the finishing touches to the tea-table. She is a kindlyfaced woman of between fifty and sixty, and came into the house many years ago as Nurse to the Doctor's small boy. Now he is grown up, and she fills the place of the mother who died. She speaks with a slight Lancashire accent.

> [Enter Dr. MILLER from the door (lest centre). He is about sixty, clean-shaven, close-cut grey hair, and a fresh complexion — a typical general practitioner.]

MILLER. [Looking at his watch,] Four o'clock. They should be here any minute, Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH. Yes, Doctor.

MILLER. [Comes down and surveys the table.] Plenty of butter and sugar for them? The War's over!

ELIZABETH. Thank God, Master Eric's come through all right.

MILLER. Well, well; it's an ill wind. If it hadn't been for the war, Eric would never have met his wife. [Looks up at ELIZABETH with a slight smile.] I believe you're a bit jealous of her for stealing your boy from you, now, aren't you? Aren't you just a bit? Confess!

ELIZABETH. If Master Eric loves her, his old Nana will love her too. My old heart's been keeping a place for another ever since my boy grew up.

MILLER. And we're not going to lose him. This old house is big enough for another family. We shall be starting our troubles all over again. I'll be bound. [Slam.] [HE listens.] Hush! Here they are ! [Goes up quickly to the door, right.] [Exit DR. MILLER.]

[ELIZABETH sits down, her hand to her heart, and waits anxiously. A young, bright voice is heard exchanging greetings with the DOCTOR.] ERIC. [Heard off.] Hullo, Dad! Where 's Nana?

[Enter ERIC MILLER, a young, well set-up, boyish man of twenty-seven to twenty-eight. He rushes across to ELIZABETH, who rises to embrace him.]

[Enter the DOCTOR with MARY, a pretty girl of twenty-one, with a sweet face—at the moment rather tired and pale.]

Hello, Nana, dear!

ELIZABETH. [Her arms round him.] My boy! [You feel her voice is full of tears.]

ERIC. That 's all right, Nana; buck up! Let me introduce the bride! [Brings MARY to ELIZA-BETH.] Mary, darling, this is Nana, my first pal. ELIZABETH. [As MARY kisses her.] Oh, my dear ! MARY. Eric's told me so much about you. May I call you Nana?

Eric. Of course you may. It's only Dad calls her Elizabeth, and that 's because her real name 's Ellen. ELIZABETH. Master Eric!

Eric. Legally, I believe she could have me up for breach of promise. I always swore I'd marry you, didn't I, Nana?

MARY. [Smiling.] And you told me I was the first! [ERIC puts his arm round MARY and kisses her.] ERIC. Darling! [He puts his other arm round ELIZABETH and kisses her.] Darlings, both of you!

MILLER. I want my tea! [Coughs.] ELIZABETH. [Breaks away from ERIC.] It's

all ready, Doctor. I'll get the teapot. [Exit ELIZABETH through door, left centre.] [ERIC comes to MARY and takes her wraps.] Eric. Darling, let's take your things. I'll bung them in your room.

[Exit Eric (right) through door.]



DR. MILLER (Holman Clark): I want my tea!

Left to right: Miss Marjorie Day; Mr. George Hayes; Miss Laura Smithson; Mr. E. Holman Clark. MILLER. Sit down, my dear; you must be tired!

[They sit down together on settee.] MARY. [Sits right end of sofa.] A bit, but, oh! so happy; so happy to be in his home!

MILLER. [Sits left of settee.] Your home, now,

my dear.

MARY. Eric's so wonderful and everybody loves him so. I feel I'm not half good enough for I'm only-poor little me! I feel I can never repay him.

MILLER. Nonsense, dear; nonsense! Eric's

the luckiest young dog in Valleyhead.

MARY. I'm so alone but for him. I've only got him to love, and oh! I do love him so! MILLER. And me-and Elizabeth-and all

Eric's friends. We won't be left out! MARY. You're all most awfully kind. I'm

only a poor little V.A.D. MILLER. Fiddle-de-dee! Do you know, I

think twenty times as much of Eric since I met

MARY. Really?
MILLER. Yes. Why, I think his winning your love the most wonderful thing he's ever done.

MARY. More than his Military Cross and all that praise from the General?

MILLER. Ever so much more! [They rise and she kisses him.] [Re-enter Elizabeth from door (right) with

the teapot.] Thank God, here 's my tea at last i

MARY. And mine! [Crosses to back of table.] ELIZABETH. [Putting teapot on table.] Now, you 've not had to wait five minutes. Where 's Master Eric?

MILLER. He's just taken his wife's things upstairs. [Sits at table.]

ELIZABETH. [To MARY.] Will you pour out, my

MARY. No, Nana, you pour out. I'll sit beside you.

[They sit at the table—MARY, right; ELIZA-BETH, centre; DR. MILLER, left. NANA pours out.]

ELIZABETH. Just a cup, and then I 'll take you all over the house and show you everything. I've made Master Eric's old nursery into your bedroom for the present.

MILLER. The best room in the house!

ELIZABETH. And so a nursery ought to be!

[To Mary.] Sugar, my dear?

MARY. Please, Nana. [Observes the teapot, sugar-basin, milk-jug, tray, etc.] Oh, you've got Eric's wedding-present from the Infirmary Staff. Doesn't it look beautiful?

ELIZABETH. [Reads an inscription on the tray.] "To Captain Eric Miller, M.C., R.A.M.C., from

his colleagues at the Valleyhead Infirmary, on the occasion of his marriage."

MARY. Everybody loves Eric so. Oh, I do hope I shan't disappoint him! [Re-enter Eric from door (right) in time to hear this last. He

comes down between MARY and ELIZABETH and kisses her fingers.

ERIC. [Gets chair and sits next to MARY.] Mary, Mary, quite contrary. You'll never-never disappoint me, because I shall never-never-never be good enough for you. I'm going to sit here by you, dear, and Nana shall give me my tea, and Dad shall tell us all the Valleyhead news, and by and by we shall really begin to believe the war's over, and we're actually married.

MARY. It hardly seems real. It's like a wonderful dream.

ERIC. A dream from which we're never going to wake up. [Kisses MARY'S hand again.]

MILLER. I want my tea! [Rattles his tea-cup

and coughs. ERIC. [Raises his head from MARY's hand and laughs.] Dad, you're an old pre-war, practical realist! Come on, now, what 's the news? How many of my patients have you killed whilst I've been away?

MILLER. [Seriously.] We've no great news here, have we, Elizabeth?

ELIZABETH. Nothing but what can wait.

MILLER. Let's have yours first. How's Devonshire looking?
ERIC. Simply gorgeous, isn't it, Mary?

MARY. Beautiful!

ERIC. I don't think people in England quite realise what war means-what they've escaped in this country. Everything's so peaceful and unchanged. The houses and the trees and the hedges have been standing just the same for years. God! it was fine to walk down roads between hedges again! Nothing 's changed. It 's only been waiting here all the time for us, and we 've only to come back and re-start life just where it stopped six years ago.

MILLER. Devonshire 's not Valleyhead. I wonder how Mary will like our bleak old North.

MARY. Valleyhead's home to me now, Dad. It 's going to be the most wonderful place on earth to us. [Takes ERIC'S hand.]

ERIC. This little woman's had Valleyhead on her brain all her honeymoon. She's been looking forward to getting here ever since we were married. I believe it 's you she really loves, Dad.

MARY. [Dropping his hand.] Eric!

ERIC. When we got to Bleakley Junction and changed into our little branch line, there was no holding her. Every mile she asked how much farther it was.

ELIZABETH. And I don't wonder! The last twenty miles on our finicky local line always seems much longer than the rest of the way from Bleakley Junction to London. Another cup of tea, love?

MARY. No, thank you.

ELIZABETH. [Rises.] Then I'm going to take you with me for a bit.

MARY. Yes, please. [Rising.] ERIC. Don't be long, darling.

ELIZABETH. We're not going to race, Master Eric. The war 's over.

[ELIZABETH and MARY go to the door (right). When they reach it, MARY turns back, runs to ERIC, and kisses him.]

[Exeunt ELIZABETH and MARY, right.] [Rises and crosses right. Looking after them.] Oh, Dad, old pal, I'm so awfully, beastly happy! I feel like one of those profiteers. Whilst others have lost so much by the war, I 've gained the greatest, the most wonderful thing in my [Takes up cake.]

MILLER. Eric, you'll always be just a great,

big boy. I think that 's your charm.

ERIC. And I did so wonder if ever I should meet the right girl, and if I met her whether she'd have me. [Sits on table.] And it 's all come true. [Blows a kiss after MARY.] More than true. [Turns to DR. MILLER again and produces a pipe from his pocket.] Now, Dad, what's your news? [Rises.] You haven't told me a thing yet. How goes Valleyhead? Everybody demobilised and trade booming? Everybody millionaires except us poor doctors?

MILLER. [Seriously.] Eric, I don't want to play Dismal Jimmy the first day you and Mary come home, but things aren't very happy in

Valleyhead at the minute.

ERIC. Why, what's amiss? Infirmary still

MILLER. [Seated left of table.] No, not the Infirmary. I mean things generally. You, and millions like you, have been away for five years, and you've thought of the Old Country carrying on just the same as usual. You come back and you see the same old houses and the same old streets just as you left them, and the same familiar faces doing the same jobs. And you think the war's passed us by. But it hasn't. We're different; we're changed. It doesn't follow because this house still has a roof on and all the mills are working and the railway hasn't been blown up, that the Valleyhead of to-day is the Valleyhead of six years ago. The war's bred a new spirit here.

Eric. Well, Dad, we rather reckoned on that. MILLER. I know; but you reckoned on a better spirit—a closer knitting of interests between class and class; the spirit of a great danger boldly met and beaten.

Eric. Well?

MILLER. Instead, the spirit abroad to-day, Eric—not only in Valleyhead, but the whole country—is a spirit of unrest and mistrust. Strikes, profiteering, and labour troubles everywhere. You've finished one war abroad, only to find another, almost worse, at home.

[ERIC rises, crosses to fireplace (left), and lights pipe.]

Worse, because it's Briton against Briton this time. ERIC. Dad, I think you exaggerate. Things may be bad, but they won't be half as bad in a town like Valleyhead, where we're all so clanny and everybody knows everybody. Besides, Lancashire people are too hard-headed to push things to extremes. [Standing at fireplace.]

MILLER. [Still seated.] Bottled up in the valley we're all one big family, I agree. But family quarrels, remember, are always the most bitter. You laugh at our finicky little Valleyhead and Bleakley Railway; but on the few hundred men who work it depends the whole life of the town. It's our main artery, and to-morrow it may be cut.

ERIC. A strike? [Turns to him.]

MILLER. Yes.

ERIC. They 've struck before. It 'll be settled just as quickly. [Throws spill in fire.]

MILLER. No. ERIC. Why not? [Turns.]

MILLER. There 's this new spirit behind it; this bitter, unreasoning, no-quarter-asked-or-given spirit.

ERIC. [Moves up to settee and sits.] Nonsense, Dad! Why, we know half the railwaymen and their families ourselves. They 're patients of ours and they 're as decent and sensible a lot of men as any in Lancashire. You talk as if they were desperate revolutionaries.

MILLER. [Still seated.] Left to ourselves, we'd have settled everything. But we've not been. Both the directors and the men have been got at by outsiders-

[Enter ELIZABETH by door, right.] outsiders who are trying to make Valleyhead the fighting ground for a big Capital and Labour battle. ELIZABETH. Mrs. Ormerod's come in, Doctor. Will you see her?

MILLER. Yes, show her in here, Elizabeth. [Moves up, centre.] [ELIZABETH goes out, right.] MILLER. She's an old friend of yours, Eric. She used to be Rose Crompton.

ERIC. [Left centre.] Rose Crompton! Then she 's married Ben Ormerod at last?

MILLER. Two years ago. Ben did splendidly in the Army and was badly wounded. He came back to the railway to his old signal-box directly he was discharged, and they were married soon after.

ERIC. Is she ill? MILLER. Not ill, but she's to have a child,

and I'm not very happy about her.

[Enter ELIZABETH, showing in Rose

ORMEROD. Rose is a delicate, refinedlooking girl, a bit above the ordinary working woman. She looks tired and ill. Like ELIZABETH, she speaks with a slight Lancashire accent.] [Exit ELIZABETH.]

MILLER. Well, Rose?

Rose. Good evening, Doctor. [Sees Eric.] Why, it's Master Eric! [Crosses to him.]
ERIC. [Crosses to her above table.] Of course

it is, and I hear it's Mrs. Ormerod now, Rose. [He goes to her and takes her hands.] Heartiest congratulations. [A step away.] I'm married as well, now.

Rose. So we've heard, Master Eric. A South Country lady, isn't it?

Eric. Used to be, but she 's one of the Valley now. How's Ben? My father tells me he was badly wounded.

[DR. MILLER gives Rose a chair. She sits up (right centre). ERIC sits on back of settee.] Rose. Very badly, Master Eric. The doctors almost gave him up. He's right enough now. thank God! And right glad to get back to his

MILLER. Glad? [Sits near Rose.]
Rose. Perhaps I shouldn't say that, seeing as how things are on the line just now.

MILLER. I'm vexed with Ben, Rose. He told you I met him and what I said?

Rose. Yes.

MILLER. [To ERIC.] Ben's taken the lead amongst the men in this strike trouble. I don't say he's right, I don't say he's wrong. I'm a doctor, and I don't side with either masters or men. But you're near your time now, Rose, and Ben's place is with you and your child—not at strike meetings. [He sits.]

Rose. But the men look up to him so. Mr. Montague calls Ben the Uncrowned King of the

Valleyhead Railway.

ERIC. Who 's Mr. Montague? [A little centre.] Rose. He's come down from some big society in London to organise and speak for the men. He's a gentleman.

MILLER. He's a professional agitator that Valleyhead could very well do without.

Rose. Doctor!

MILLER. I'm vexed with Ben.

[Rose begins to cry softly.] Come, come, Rose, you mustn't fret yourself now. Forget all this trouble-you've something far more wonderful to think about now. Now, let's have a look at you. [Takes her hand and looks keenly in her face.] Have you got Ben's sister in yet to help you with the house?

Rose. She's coming to-morrow, Doctor.

MILLER. She should have come last week. You're not strong, Rose. Don't try to be like other working-men's wives. You can't do it!

ROSE. [Her tears come faster. She is evidently near a breakdown.] Oh, Doctor, that 's just what I feel! Ben's been so good to me, and we love each other so much, that I don't want to be a drag on him. He didn't want me to go to work any more when we married, so I owe it to him that he should have a good home. I 've managed it, too, whilst things have been good, though prices have been cruel. If Ben should come out on strike, though, I don't know how we can keep going—especially now—now that there is to be Oh, why, why have they chosen just now? They may get what they want, but it's the wives and children that'll have to pay.

Eric. There, there! They'll talk a deal, but they'll never come out, Rose.

MILLER. Have you had your tea, Rose?

Rose. [Rises.] Ben was out, and I didn't

feel like food. How did you know?

MILLER, Never mind. [He helps her leads her slowly towards door, right.] I'm not going to doctor you to-day, and you're not to walk up here any more. I'll come to you. [Calls off.] Elizabeth, Elizabeth! You're to have your tea here at once and then go straight home.

[Enter ELIZABETH through door, right.] Take Mrs. Ormerod with you and give her some tea. ELIZABETH. Yes, Doctor. Come with me, Rose. MILLER. And she's not to talk and get ex-

cited. [A horn is heard off.] Who can that be? ELIZABETH. I expect it's Dr. Wrigley. He's come in to see Master Eric.

ERIC. Good old Jack! I'll let him in. Buck up, Rose. Elizabeth'll introduce you to my wife. It's up to you to show her what our Valleyhead girls are like.

[Exeunt ELIZABETH, ERIC, and Rose by

door (right). DR. MILLER is left. He goes over to the fire, left.]

[Enter MARY through door, right centre.] [Pause. Dr. MILLER crosses to fire, left.]
MARY. Where 's Eric? Visitors? Who is it? MILLER. John Wrigley, I think. He said he 'd

MARY. Our best man!

try and run up.

MILLER. And the cleverest surgeon we 've ever had at the Infirmary—and Eric's best pal till you came along.

[Enter Eric through door (right), dragging in Dr. John Wrigley, who is an older man than ERIC—something over thirty. He is a lean, clean-shaven, rather sternlooking man.]

ERIC. Here he is, Dad!

[Comes centre.] How do you do, Dr. Miller. [Goes to MARY and shakes her heartily by the hand.] Welcome to Valleyhead, Mrs. Eric! Mary. Thanks—thank you so much.

[They look at each other; he still holds her hands.]

ERIC. Go on, Jacko, go on!

JOHN. May I? [He kisses MARY on the cheek.] [MARY then crosses to ERIC.]

MILLER. Have you had your tea, John? That 's much more important.

JOHN. Yes, had an early cup at the Infirmary.

ERIC. You'll stay to supper?

JOHN. Awfully sorry, old man, that 's impossible. I'm fearfully busy. But I had to come in and see if you'd got back all right. [To MARY, looking at Eric.] How 's he been behaving?

MARY. Full marks up to now.

John. Splendid! But you 've got to keep him well in hand. He's one of those ingratiating, lovable, helpless young fellows that'll make you fetch his slippers and write all his letters for him, if you're not careful. I did. He reduced his father and Elizabeth to slavery years ago.

MILLER. Yes, I'm a worm!

ERIC. Jealous old bachelor! Don't listen to him, Mary. Darling, [Takes her towards door, right] will you go? Elizabeth's got an old friend of mine in the kitchen who wants to see you.

JOHN. You see, it's true what I'm saying. He daren't let you listen.

MARY. I won't be a minute, dear.

[Eric goes with her to door, right.]
John. [Rises and crosses centre.] He shan't keep us apart. We'll have an assignation. I've lots more to tell you about him!

ERIC. [Up to MARY.] Darling! [Kisses her.] [MARY runs out.]

JOHN. [To DR. MILLER.] Who is it?

MILLER. Rose Ormerod.

JOHN. [Centre.] Poor thing!

ERIC. [Coming back to JOHN, centre.] Well, wrecker of homes, how's life?

[ERIC brings JOHN to the settee and pushes him into it. Dr. MILLER stands in front of the fire. ERIC sits on the back of the settee. Gives JOHN his tobacco-pouch, from which JOHN fills his pipe.]

JOHN. Top-hole! Everybody at the Infirmary sends their love. You're just back in time.

Eric. Time for what?

JOHN. [To DR. MILLER.] Haven't you told him of our bit of trouble? [Sits on settee.] MILLER. The railway strike? Yes.

ERIC. [Sits on table, centre.] Oh, it won't come off. A tuppenny-ha'penny line like the Valleyhead

can't hold up a whole industrial district like this.

JOHN. [At settee.] That 's just exactly what
they can do, and they know it. We 're a complete little community on our own—that's what makes us so clannish-bottled up in this valley, and dependent on that one railway. What was Valley-head a hundred years ago? A few handloom weavers and a score of shepherds. Now we're a town of over a hundred thousand people, and every blessed thing we eat, or drink, or want, or work with, comes along that railway.

ERIC. But what do the men want? JOHN. Ostensibly more money.

Eric. Can't they arbitrate?

JOHN. Neither side will listen. The men asked for a big increase—yes or no. The directors

ERIC. Is their Union supporting them?

JOHN. It's hard to say. You know what our Valleyhead lads are. Ben Ormerod's running show, and the Union's just keeping the ring. That means no outside help is to be expected if Valleyhead comes out. They think they can cut us off from the rest of the world and keep us cut off till we give them what they want.

ERIC. Sheer blackmail!

JOHN. [Rises.] But they 're not going' to have things all their own way. Valleyhead railwaymen may be stubborn—— Miller. Yes. [Rises.] John. —but the rest of Lancashire is a bit

pig-headed also. We've arranged a volunteer transport service to start work as soon as they come out. [Over to Eric.] [DR. MILLER moves up back.]

We may be a bit inconvenienced, but I'm damned if we're going to let them starve us out. You'll help, of course? [Centre.]

ERIC. Rather! What shall I have to do? [Still at table.]

JOHN. Can you drive a motor-lorry?

ERIC. After a fashion.

JOHN. [Centre.] Well, you come as my mate for a start. I'll look after you. We take a lorry down to Bleakley Junction loaded up with stuff and drive back.

ERIC. Splendid!

JOHN. [Moves a little to settee.] Volunteers have come in by dozens. All the Infirmary staff students and all-are on the job. We shall turn the common room into a sort of transport office.

MILLER. [Drops down centre.] I hope it won't

cause trouble in the Valley.

JOHN. We're not asking for it, Dr. Miller. But if the community is attacked, the community is justified in taking steps to defend itself.

MILLER. [Centre.] Let's hope they'll settle it without a strike.

[Enter ELIZABETH, right.] [DR. MILLER moves below table to right centre.]

ELIZABETH. [Up right.] Will you see Mr. Gordon Montague, Dr. Miller?

MILLER. Gordon Montague? [Moves to her.] ERIC. [At table.] Who 's he?

JOHN. [Seated on settee.] He's the young Socialist orator from London who's at the bottom of half this strike trouble.

MILLER. Show him in the consulting-room, Elizabeth. I'll come at once.

[Exit ELIZABETH.] JOHN. [Sits settee.] I hope somebody 's thrown something at him and hurt him.

MILLER. [Reprovingly.] John! John!

[Exit Dr. MILLER, right.] JOHN. He doesn't care tuppence about the

men. He's just out for his own selfish ends! ERIC. I don't see how a railway strike in

Valleyhead will help him. [Moves around to right, and then to back of table.]

JOHN. He thinks Labour is the party of the future, so he wants to get in early with them and be a big pot when they come into power. He wants a strike here, and pictures of Mr. Gordon Montague in all the illustrateds as one of the men's leaders. Those sort of people thrive on other folks' troubles. [Seated settee.]

Eric. [Up at window.] I seem to have got home just in time for this bit of trouble. I'm a bit sorry for Mary's sake. Do you really think they 'll strike?

JOHN. [Still seated on settee.] I'm afraid-I'm very much afraid we're in for it this time. It's been in the air for so long: it's got to come to a head.

ERIC. [Left centre.] I'm sorry Ben Ormerod's mixed up in it. He's a good fellow-I always liked him.

JOHN. So did I. He's a genuine good sort. He's honest and he's fighting tooth and nail for his mates because he thinks they 're right.

ERIC. Rose is in there now, with Elizabeth and Mary. Ben should consider her a bit. You remember what a bright, happy girl she used to

JOHN. Ben's such a fanatic, he'd sacrifice even her to what he calls the Cause.

duty perfectly clear here. The struggle always is not to do one's duty, but to know it first. Spanish Inquisition tortured two continents and wrecked an empire because it thought it was so certain of its duty.

[Down centre again.] That's different again. They made people suffer for their victims' own good. But Ben and the railwaymen are going to make everybody else suffer to benefit their own pocket.

JOHN. Oh, no, no! Suppose they win and get all they want. Will the few shillings a week extra that will be Ben's share compensate him for what he'll have gone through, or any of them? No, it's public spirit—the desire to have things better than they found them-that's the driving force behind. That's why it's so dangerous.

[Re-enter Dr. MILLER through door (right) with GORDON MONTAGUE. The latter is a slim, sallow young man of twenty-eight or twenty-nine, of a rather Jewish type. He is well-dressed, well-spoken, and full of energy.]

MILLER. [Up to table at back.] I'll write you that prescription straight away. You can get it made up as you go through the town. I believe you know Dr. Wrigley?

> [JOHN rises and stands with his back to the fire.]

[Eric gets up centre.] MONTAGUE. [Right centre.] Yes, we have met. [They look at each other, but do not shake hands. MONTAGUE inclines his head slightly.]

JOHN. [Left.] I've heard you talk a good deal.

MONTAGUE. Speak!

MILLER. [Indicating ERIC.] This is my son. He has just married—only arrived home from his honeymoon.

MONTAGUE. [Right centre.] How do you do? May I congratulate you?

[DR. MILLER goes to small table, and sits and writes the prescription.]

ERIC. [Right centre.] Thanks very much. I hope you're not seedy.

MONTAGUE. My throat's troubling me. I've been overtaxing it, speaking too much. Your father has prescribed a gargle.

[There is an awkward pause. JOHN looks steadily at MONTAGUE.]

JOHN. Is there going to be a strike? [Moving to left centre.]

MONTAGUE. [Pause.] Yes.

JOHN. When?

MONTAGUE. To-morrow night.

[Another awkward pause.] [DR. MILLER rises with the prescription and comes down right of MONTAGUE.]

MILLER. [Rises.] Surely they'll find some eleventh-hour agreement? The men can't be

MONTAGUE. [Up to Doctor.] You might say the masters can't be serious.

MILLER. [Behind table.] [Helplessly.] I've seen so many strikes. What good can come of

MONTAGUE. [Right centre.] None-when the masters win. But they won't win this time.

Strikes have failed in the past because they've only been halfhearted. The men don't realise war-open warbetween Capital and Labour. There won't be a single blackleg; we'll see to that, and we've the will to win. We shall run a single train a day to supply ourselves - railwaymen alone. Every director and shareholder lives in the Valley. Perhaps you're a shareholder?

MILLER. A small one. [Moves up centre.]

MONTAGUE. [Moves up to end of table.] Well,

you won't get anything, I'm afraid. In other strikes Labour's starved and Capital's got off scot-free. The boot's on the other foot this time. The papers may call it a small local strike. Well, so it is; and that's just why it's going to succeed, and succeed quickly. It's to be an absolute solid hold-up-no petty concessions; these are what have weakened us before.

[JOHN is left centre.]

ERIC. [Left centre.] But the Infirmary—the old, the sick, and helpless-you won't make war on them?

MONTAGUE. We shall have no leakage—all or

nothing. [Moves towards door, right.]

JOHN. [Moves to centre. With a touch of JOHN. [Moves to centre. www. sarcasm. the line, Mr. Montague?

MONTAGUE. [Right centre. A little to him.] I ignore your sarcasm. Has Capital a monopoly of brains? I'm giving my brains to Labour.



DR. WRIGLEY (Charles Kenyon): Is there going to be a strike?

GORDON MONTAGUE (Leon M. Lion): Yes. Left to right: Mr. Leon M. Lion; Mr. Charles Kenyon.

John. Has Labour a monopoly of brawn and muscle? In this strike I'm giving minenot to what you call Capital, but to the community.

MONTAGUE. Oh, we've heard some talk of temporary transport being started. I hear you 've a great career in front of you, Dr. Wrigley. you value it, let the men alone. This strike is

Jонн. Thank you; you don't frighten me.

Eric. Nor me!

MILLER. [Drops down to centre and crosses to MONTAGUE.] Eric-John-please! Some way out will be found, I'm sure.

MONTAGUE. Yes, we shall win. Good-night, Dr. Miller. [Turns to go.]

[DR. MILLER goes to door (right) with MONTAGUE.

MILLER. I'll see you out.

[Exeunt Dr. MILLER and MONTAGUE.] John. Well, it's come. Perhaps it's as well. [Crosses to left.]

Eric. [Centre.] Montague's hardly the type of strike leader one imagines.

JOHN. [Left.] No, he's one of those middleclass sympathetic intellectuals that the Socialists have got hold of in their cradles. Now they 're

grown up and are beginning to make mischief. [Re-enter Dr. MILLER with MARY, carrying his hat and coat.]

[JOHN is down, right.] MILLER. [Crosses over to door up lest centre.] I hope it's not true. I'm going to walk home with Rose Ormerod. I shall see Ben. I'll speak to him if it's not too late.

JOHN. [Moves up.] I'll walk down with you. There 'll be plenty of work to-night if this transport scheme is to be set going.

ERIC. [Moves to him.] I'd better come with you and enrol myself.

[JOHN takes up his coat.] MILLER. No, Eric, it 's your first night at home. Stay with Mary. Time enough for joining up to-morrow.

JOHN. [Down to ERIC. Hand on shoulder.] Yes, you'll be away from her quite enough for the next week or two, I'm afraid. It's war to the knife this time. Good-night, Mrs. Eric. Goodnight, old man.

Eric. Good-night, Jacko!

[DR. MILLER and JOHN go out through door,

[Exeunt Dr. MILLER and JOHN, left.] [ERIC comes slowly to the settee, sits down, draws out his pipe, finds it empty, so puts it in his pocket.]

Peace! Peace! . . . And this is what we've been looking forward to for five years!

CURTAIN.

One Week clapses between Act I. and Act II.

would be perfectly clear there.

John. Well, Ben sees what he considers his The remaining Acts of this Play will appear in "The Illustrated London News."

ROSE ORMEROD (Lilian Christine): Why, it's Master Eric!

Left to right: Miss Laura Smithson; Miss Lilian Christine; Mr. E. Holman Clark; Mr. George Hayes

ERIC. I can't help admiring him in a way,

JOHN. [Still seated.] Yes, you would. If the

ERIC. [Centre.] That 's different. One's duty

but I'm hanged if I'd sacrifice Mary for any

war started again to-morrow, you'd feel it was

your duty to pack up and leave her.

ART IN THE SALE ROOMS

BY ARTHUR HAYDEN.

prices of current commodities are falling, rival advertisements as to boots and clothing make piquant reading. It is as though profiteers had

been seized with a sudden furore to sell "below cost price," to evade the claims of the Chancellor of the Exchequer on certain previous dealings. Together with this downward tendency of utilitarian objects there follows a stimulation in regard to prices obtained at auction for works of art. Superlative examples will always command superlative prices. Ear-marked antiques from well-

known sources are recognised by a new generation of collectors. Of late we have seen second-hand furniture outside the pale of the collecting period bring swingeing prices. with the growing manufacture of furniture this situation must right itself. Accordingly, old English and French furniture, the property of Lady Winifred Renshaw, of Col. Sir Henry Knollys, and of Mr. Graham Hastings, K.C., sold by Messrs. Puttick and Simpson on the 5th inst., offered reasonable data in the prices realised to show that there is a firm market in antiques. An oak court cupboard of early Jacobean days, with cornice with interlaced ornament, doors carved with male heads, and legs with mask capitals and scroll feet, was an interesting

A mahogany writing-cabinet by William Kent, the borders carved and gilt with pateræ, ribbon ornament, and other conventional designs, and the upper part with shelves enclosed by a folding mirror door, the centre having a fall-down front with pigeon-holes, offered possibilities to students of pre-Chippendale mahogany furni-William Kent is known as the architect of the Horse Guards in Whitehall; but he essayed to do most things in design, and he did many of them very badly. The hideous monument to Shakespeare at Westminster Abbey is his. He was satirised by Hogarth for his altarpieces in the London churches. Contemporary with Horace Walpole, he brought great ideas from his tour in Italy in the late Anne cra. Lord Burlington, his patron. culogised all he did, and termed him, among other things, " the inventor" of landscape garden-ing, which "realises painting and improves nature." He painted portraits and historical subjects, some of which hang at Hampton Court. He decorated ceilings and executed mantelpieces with motifs, in confused style, and many are extant with children supporting coats-of-arms. He was the Brothers Adam, in

himself, a generation before their day, but without their genius. He designed glass and silver, and he illustrated the fables of Gay and the poems of Pope. Nor did he stay his hand at costume. He decked out two ladies of title with birthday gowns, the one like a bronze in coppercoloured satin with ornaments of gold, and the other in a petticoat decorated with columns of the five orders of architecture. Occasionally his furniture comes into the market; this mahogany cabinet has its place in the evolution of design, and is a piece of mahogany before that wood. became generally popular. It realised £430 under the hammer. At the same sale, among the Chinese objects were three fine libation-cups, one of white jade formed as a joey head, another of grey jade mbodying a magnolia bloom, and a third of grey-green jade, representing a lotus leaf. These were taken from the Amoor River, Siberia, where

they had doubtless been thrown after sacrificial rites.

On November 12 at the same sale-rooms, Messrs. Puttick and Simpson disposed of a unique collection of costumes formed by the late Miss Kathleen Dawson, of Cheyne Walk, Chelsea. What a collection to draw upon for the Three Arts Ball! One ponders over the care which went to the selection of some three hundred costumes, ladies' and children's, and not excluding men's, from the first half of the eighteenth century to days within memory. The dusting and the shaking, which was undertaken under the watchful eye of the collector, the camphoring and the carbolising—we picture it all, nor can we hope,

is the little sallow
"Merry Monarch,"
just as he appeared to
Pepys toying with his
spaniels in St. James's
Park. It is doubtful if
anyone can conjure up actualities
from costumes minus the human form
divine, or otherwise, which formerly filled them.
That is where the genius of Madame Tussaud
came to the rescue of halting imagination in her
presentment of waxworks of the great.

But the collection here dispersed covered an interesting period. The descriptions are attractive. "Overdress of rich white silk brocade, with

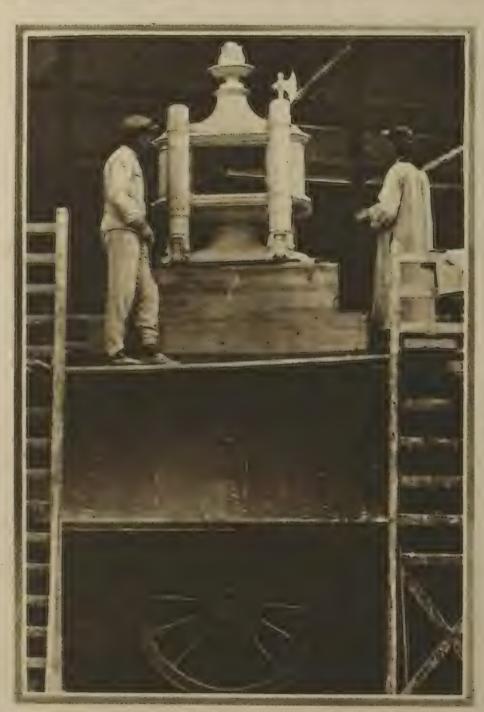
cerise stripes and flower design, a full sacque back, pannier pleats, and double fan set sleeves, the front of bodice set with a stomacher of same brocade, and a brocade ruching trims the dress." This is middle eighteenth century. It belongs to days, as stormy as now, when Charles Edward Stuart landed in Scotland, when Madras was captured by the French, when Calcutta fell to Surajah Dowlah, when English captives were imprisoned in the "Black Hole," when Braddock was surprised by the French in Canada on his way to attack the forts of the French Governor Duquesne.

The portraits of Sir Thomas Lawrence depict the beauties w. wore these old costumes, now only the visible remnants of forgotten fashion-plates of the early years of last century. One cannot surmise who was the wearer of the "Green silk coat, with leg-of-mutton sleeves, piped and pointed trimmings, and a large straw bonnet, trimmed and lined with white satin and feathers, in date between 1812 and 1826." These were the days when British troops were storming Ciudad Rodrigo, under Wellington, days when the United States of America declared war upon England, and invaded Canada on account of the "Orders in Council." This was in 1812, and Palmerston was "Secretary at War." The French invaded Russia in June, and Moscow was burning, and Napoleon in full retreat in the autumn of the same year. The stormy days of George III. came to a stormy close with the Manchester Massacre in 1819, and almost the last Act passed in his reign was the Cotton Mills Act, wherein the working age of children is fixed at nine, and their working week at seventy-two hours. So much for the glorious days of George III.! And George IV. reigned in his stead from 1820 to 1830.

Messrs. Sotheby conduct a three days' sale of the general literature section of the library of the late Dr. John Ferguson, Professor of Chemistry in the University of Glasgow, com-

mencing on November 15. Lovers of first editions will find a catholic selection, including Harrison Ainsworth, George Borrow, Dickens, Le Fanu, Thomas Love Peacock, Browning, Keats, Andrew Lang, William Morris, Robert Louis Stevenson, Swinburne, Oscar Wilde, Aubrey Beardsley and others; and another property includes some fine illustrated French books of the eighteenth century.

On November 22 and 23, Messrs. Sotheby are dispersing the collection of choice engravings and drawings of the late Mr. Edward Barrett, including a fine set of mezzotints by David Lucas after Constable, plates from Turner's Liber Studiorum, and some Old Master engravings. Lovers of that masterly line engraver, William Woollett, have here a fine selection, including his "Death of General Wolfe," after West, open letter proof. This is quite a collector's sale, offering tempting items.



CONSTRUCTED TO CARRY THE HEART OF GAMBETTA IN THE PROCESSION IN PARIS
ON ARMISTICE DAY: THE MEMORIAL CAR AND URN IN PREPARATION.

It was arranged that the heart of Gambetta, the great French statesman who urged "No surrender" after the disaster of Sedan, should be borne in the procession on Armistice Day (November 11) in Paris, and that French 1870 flags restored by Germany should be displayed beneath the Arc de Triomphe. The proposal to bury in the Panthéon an unknown French warrior of the late war came before the Chamber on November 8. Later, the Arc de Triomphe was suggested as a more suitable burial-place.—[Photo. Rol.]

in days when the problem of domestic servants is so acute, that many collectors will have the temerity to house such a collection. We are therefore profoundly thankful to the late owner, and to Mr. Talbot Hughes, whose well-known collection of costumes is in the Victoria and Albert Museum, for the careful preparation of the catalogue.

Costume, in general, requires imagination to set it forth and quicken the dry bones, or rather, the "shreds and patches," into life. Rows of hanging garments, however bedecked and bedizened they may be with lace and with brocade, demand just one stage further—to be modelled on waxen effigies, as are the costumes in Abbot Islip's Chantry in Westminster Abbey, where Elizabeth and Charles II. stand as in life. The face of the latter was modelled in wax from the mask taken after death, and consequently here

PROTECTIVE COLORATION IN INSECTS: NATURAL-COLOUR PHOTOGRAPHS.

FROM AUTOCHROMES BY MR. HAROLD BASTIN. (SEE ARTICLE ON ANOTHER PAGE)



IMITATING (WHEN AT REST) A CLUSTER OF SMALL WHITE FLOWERS AGAINST A GREEN BACKGROUND: THE BRITISH ORANGE-TIP BUTTERFLY (EUCHLOE CARDAMINES).



HEAD, BODY, WING-CASES, AND LEGS ALL FLAT AND LEAF-LIKE IN COLOUR AND DESIGN: THE MOST WONDERFUL "GREEN-LEAF" INSECT (PHYLLIUM), FROM CEYLON.



THE BEST SIMULATION OF A CLUSTER OF WITHERED LEAVES: THE LAPPET MOTH $(GASTROPACHA\ QUERCIFOLIA)$ —COMMON, BUT RARELY DETECTED.

Protective, or cryptic, coloration of animal life in nature provides a wonderful and fascinating field of study, not yet entirely explored. Some of its most interesting phases, as found in the insect world, are described in an article by Mr. A. Harold Bastin (author of "Insects, Their Life-Histories and Habits") which appears elsewhere in this number, dealing especially with the examples shown above in autochromes taken by him. The subject could hardly be more suitably illustrated

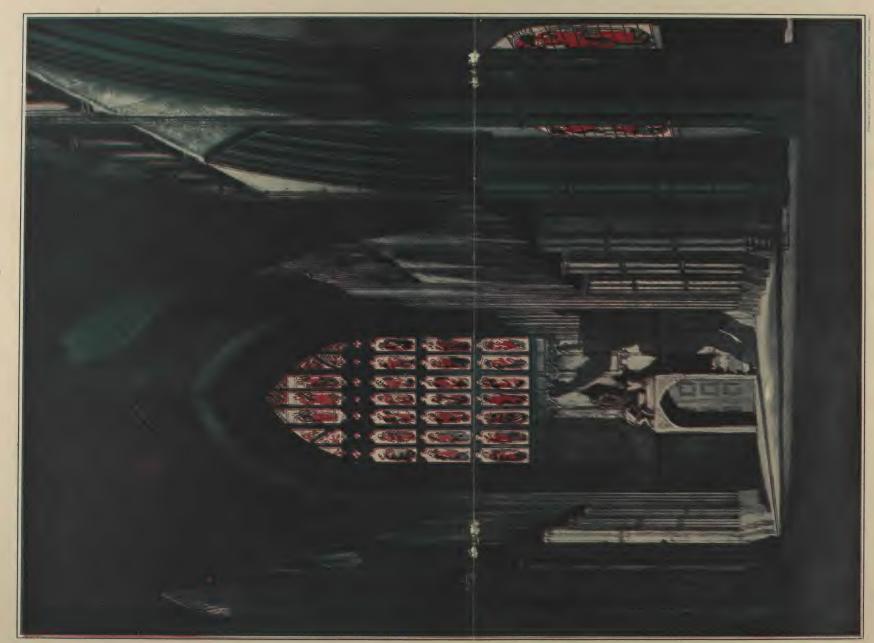


WITH BARK-LIKE FORE-WINGS HIDING BRIGHT HIND-WINGS: THE RED UNDERWING MOTH $(CATOCALA\ NUPTA)$ —TWO AT REST ON A WILLOW STEM, ONE WITH WINGS SPREAD.



SHOWING THE PROTECTIVE LEAF-LIKE COLOUR AND VEINING OF WINGS: THREE INDIAN GIANT ORANGE-TIP BUTTERFLIES (HEBOMOIA GLAUCIPPE)—ALL AT REST.

than by means of natural-colour photography, as in the instances here given, which show how marvellously these little creatures are designed and coloured so as to simulate, when at rest, leaves or tree-stems on which they repose, and thus escape detection. In the top-left illustration two British Orange-Tip Butterflies are resting on hedge-garlic, or "Jack-by-the-Hedge." The under-side of the wings simulates a cluster of little white flowers. Those parts that do not show when at rest are white.

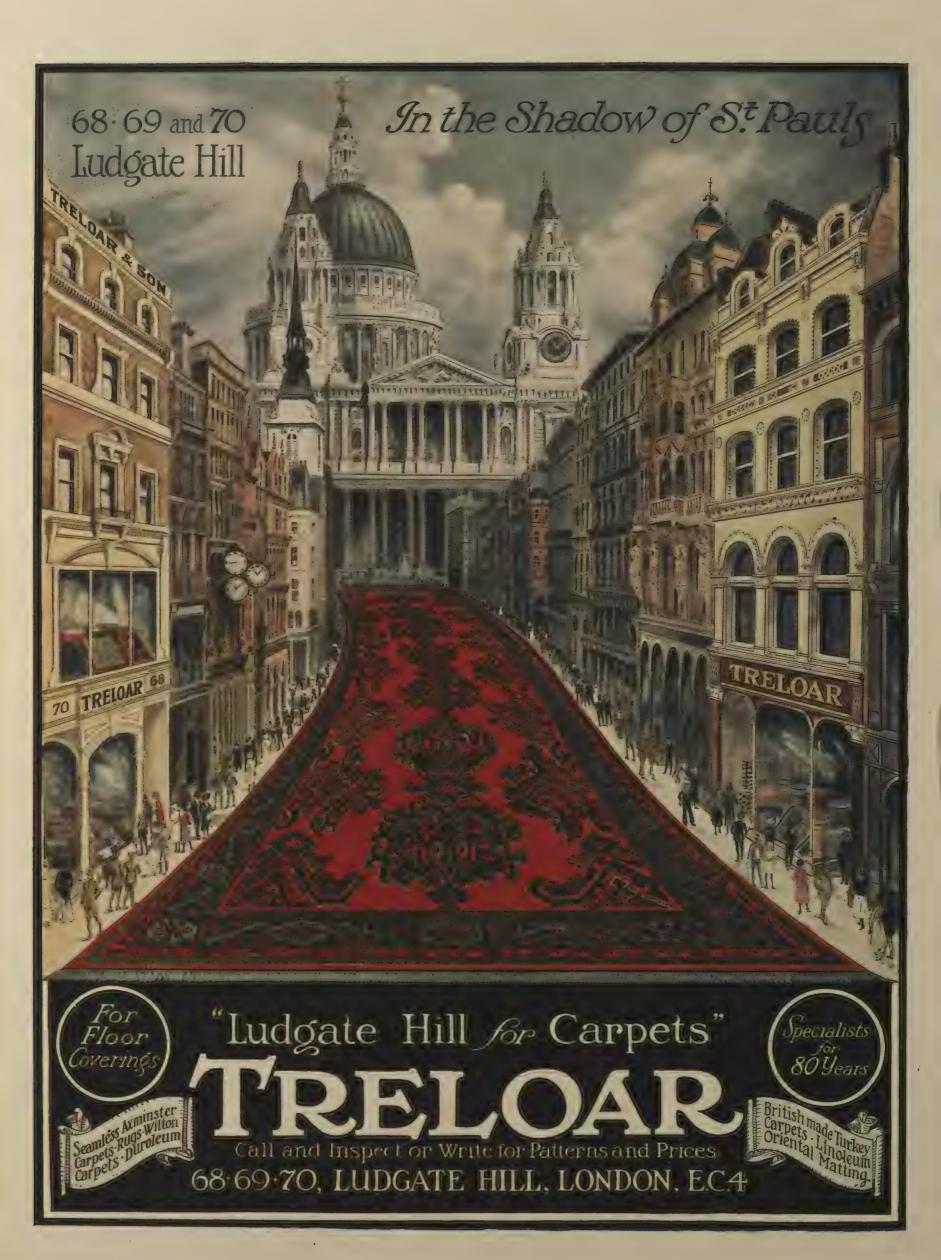


WESTMINSTER ABBEY. THE COUNTRY'S SANCTUARY Z

"He lies with his peers, in the Country's san

And will hold our pride in faith till Reveille At the call of God."

PANNIED, SPECIALLY FOR "THE ILLYSTRATED LONDON NEWS," BY BLAMIRE YOUNG,



"THE GREATEST BALLET-GIRL IN THE WORLD": MAUNA LOA.

PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY MR. L. W. DE VIS-NORTON, SECRETARY OF THE HAWAIIAN VOLCANO RESEARCH ASSOCIATION.



AUNA LOA is a volcanic mountain some 13,650 feet high, in Hawaii. The volcano is still active. Among the greater eruptions on record were those which occurred in the years 1855, 1868, 1880, 1887, and 1889. The principal crater, Kilauea, on the edge of which is the Hawaiian Volcano Research Association's Observatory, is situated on the eastern slope of Mauna Loa. The volcanoes of Hawaii belong to the effusive, as opposed to the explosive, type of volcanic activity. They emit floods of lava, which deluge large tracts of country. The crater of Kilauea is a huge flat-bottomed pit, two or three miles across, with vertical sides

rising from 700 feet to 900 feet above the floor of lava. In the middle is a "lake of fire." "Mauna Loa," says "Everyman's Encyclopædia," "is the largest of four volcanic cones in the island of Hawaii. During an eruption the lava flows out from fissures in the side of the mountain in streams which are sometimes half a mile in width and flow for fifty miles." Kilauea is the most spectacular and continuously active volcano in the world, and every year is visited by thousands of tourists. It is very accessible, and can be reached by motor-car by a road which descends into the outer crater. It is most impressive at night.

VERY LIKE A BALLET-SKIRTED DANCER - "A TREMENDOUS DOUBLE COLUMN OF FUME AND INCANDESCENT GAS, 40,000 FEET HIGH": THE FIRST STAGE OF A GREAT ERUPTION OF THE HAWAIIAN VOLCANO, MAUNA LOA.

Mr. L. W. de Vis-Norton, Secretary of the Hawaiian Volcano Research Association, Honolulu, to whom we were indebted for previous photographs of eruptions, equally remarkable, published in our issues of January 17 and May 15 last, writes regarding the present one: "It is of peculiar interest in that it deserves its title, 'The Greatest Ballet Gifl in the World,' and marks the first stage of one of the recent great eruptions of our Hawaiian Volcano, Mauna Loa. The picture was taken from the verandah of our observatory, about thirty-five

miles on an air-line from the point of outbreak. In the immediate foreground will be seen part of the lava floor and the west wall of the Kilauea volcano, while the mountain in the background is seen streaked with many lava flows, and has a little snow upon its summit. This particular outbreak took place at about the 12,000-foot level, and was signalised by the appearance, at 7.30 in the morning, of a tremendous double column of fume and incandescent gas, which rose rapidly to over 40,000 feet, spreading out in the peculiar shape here shown."

DRAWN BY STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.L.,

THE GREATEST POISON TRIAL OF MODERN TIMES: THE GREENWOOD CASE AT CARMARTHEN—DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

UR SPECIAL ARTIST AT CARMARTHEN.



CROSS-EXAMINED ABOUT HIS PRESCRIPTIONS: DR. T. R. GRIFFITHS, THE FAMILY DOCTOR, WHO ATTENDED THE LATE MRS. GREENWOOD IN HER LAST ILLNESS.



THE DEFENCE'S "MOST IMPORTANT WITNESS": MISS IRENE GREENWOOD, WHO SAID SHE DRANK WINE FROM THE SAME BOTTLE AS HER MOTHER.





GAVE EVIDENCE AS TO THE WINE MRS. GREENWOOD DRANK: MAGGIE WILLIAMS, PARLOUR-MAID.



THE DISTRICT NURSE WHO ATTENDED MRS. GREENWOOD WHEN SHE DIED: MISS E. L. JONES,



RECIPIENT OF A MUCH-DISCUSSED LETTER FROM MR. GREENWOOD: MISS MARY GRIFFITHS.



READING FROM HIS MUCH DIS-CUSSED NOTE-BOOK: SUPERINTEN-DENT SAMUEL JONES.



OF OPINION MORPHIA POISONING CAUSED THE DEATH: DR. WILLIAM GRIFFITHS, OF SWANSEA.



CONVINCED THAT MRS. GREENWOOD'S DEATH WAS NOT CAUSED BY ARSENICAL POISONING: LIEUTENANT-COLONEL F. S. TOOGOOD, OF LONDON.



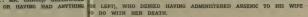
LEADING COUNSEL FOR THE DEFENCE: SIR E. MARSHALL
HALL CROSS-EXAMINING A WITNESS.



SHOWING THE JURY HIS STANDARD TESTS FOR ARSENICAL POISONING: MR. JOHN WEBSTER, HOME OFFICE EXPERT



A DRAMATIC MOMENT-THE ACCUSED IN THE BOX: MR. HAROLD GREENWOOD



The Greenwood case, which began in the Guildhall at Carmarthen on November 2, will rank as one of the most sensational poison trials that have ever come before the English courts. Mr. Harold Greenwood, a well-known solicitor, of Llanelly and Kidwelly, was charged with having murdered his first wife. Mabel Greenwood, who died on June 16, 1919, by administering arsenic to her. The late Mrs. Greenwood was a sister of Sir Vansittart Bowater, who was Lord Mayor of London (1913-14) when the war began. The case was tried before Mr. Justice Shearman. In the large central drawing the Judge is seen on the bench in the background, with the High Sheriff

ext to him' to the left. Beneath the Judge is the Clerk of the Assizes. The accused (Mr. Greenwood) is in the witness box (in the left background) being cross-examined by the leading counsel for the Crown, Sir Edward Marlay Samson, K.C., who stands facing him in the centre of the court. Next to Sir E. Marlay Samson is seated Mr. T. R. Ludford Mr. Greenwood's solicitor) and next to Mr. Ludiord is Sir Edward Marshall Hall, K.C., leading counsel for the defence. In the foreground on the left are members of the jury. ne case reached its closing stage on November 9, when the Judge summed up.-{Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.}

BOOKS OF THE DAY

By E. B. OSBORN.

AN anything new or true be said about "THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MARGOT ASQUITH," which has already been so faithfully explored by every daily journal

in the land? Fleet Street, at any rate, is complaisant enough to think that my heading for the review of it-" Malice in Blunderland "-defined both the book and its author (they cannot be separated) in the fewest possible words. Alas! that the high-couraged child of genius, clad in an aura of intense and joyous living, should have lost all the ingenuousness of an Alice, and that the Wonderland, the " Æaean Isle," where she and her sister Laura lived in the long-lost days, should have become a rather objectionable Blunderland! It is only, however, on such creatures of impulse that Time executes so strange and baffling a vengeance. And the reflection occurs to me that the appropriate axiom of judgment here is that self-revelation covers a multitude of literary sins. Critics have charged the author with various offences-not least the aspersion on the memory of Stevenson, since confuted by his friends—and with giving a distorted picture of British society. Are we to regret the book's publication? I cannot; for, with all its excruciating faults, this "Autobiography" is an immortal addition to the chronicles of the superegoists, such as Benvenuto Cellini, and, since it adds in many ways to our knowledge of the possibilities of human nature and its impossibilities, will long be consulted by posterity. The author of it has many faults, but no touch of the one deadly social sin: she has never bored anybody, not even herself.

The character of Mr. Arthur Balfour, perhaps the least soulful of the "Souls," is one of the best things in Mrs. Asquith's amazing book. She secretly feels, one suspects, that she has never quite known him, or, to translate it into the key of feminism, he has never really needed herindeed, she says as much, when she confesses that "the most that many of us could hope for was that he had a taste in us as one might have in clocks or china." After all, there is an unknown quantity in the equation of Mr. Balfour's character which even the cleverest analyst has never succeeded in evaluating, and I remember hearing a famous Cambridge mathematician liken him to the iota (the root of minus one) which, though it performs wonders of practical value, yet cannot be explained as a thing of scientific reality. Mrs. Asquith thinks he was blessed or cursed at his birth, according as you choose to believe, by two great gifts: charm and wits. Charm is indeed so dangerous a gift that it is hard to say

whether a good or a bad fairy bestows it. The disadvantage it involves, at any rate for men of action and men of transaction, is that it inspires everyone to combine and smooth the possessor's way through life, thus preventing him from running up against discomfortable facts till they run up against him, and (sometimes) wreck his career. or even his character, beyond redemption. "Low wages, drink, disease, sweating and over-crowding," writes Mrs. Asquith, "did not concern him; they left him cold, and he had not the power to express a moral indignation which he was too detached to feel." A Labour M.P. once told me, after he too had felt the fascination of Mr. Balfour's incompara manner, his exquisite attention, intellectual tact, infinite courtesy and genius for suffering fools and bores with apparent gladness, that he thought this courtly statesman would have been the greatest man in the world, if only he had been compelled to work with his hands and live on £2 a week for a few years. It is a kind of social

sacrilege even to think of Mr. Balfour in such a predicament! The notion, which has been current ever since I can remember, that he was always too much of a philosopher to be really interested in politics is confuted by Mrs. Asquith,

who believes that he has always taken "a Puck-like pleasure in watching the game of party politics, not in the interests of any particular political party, nor from espril-de-corps, but from taste." He might perhaps be described as the Aramis, then, of party musketeering.

But in "MR. BALFOUR: A BIOGRAPHY" (Collins Sons; 12s. 6d. net), by E. T. Raymond,



THE COMPOSER OF "LOUISE" WELCOMES THE COMPOSER OF "THE JEWELS OF THE MADONNA":
M. GUSTAVE CHARPENTIER (LEFT) GREETING
M. WOLFF-FERRARI.

M. Charpentier's most famous opera, "Louise," was first produced at the Paris Opéra Comique in 1900. He was born in Alsace-Lorraine, and his parents moved to Tourcoing after the Franco-German War. M. Wolff-Ferrari's best-known opera is "The Jewels of the Madonna."

Photograph by Manuel.

the author of "Uncensored Celebrities," we have the results of a scientific (and at the same time artistic, for Mr. Strachey is the only rival in the art of telling the bitter-sweet truth about the protagonists in public life) inquiry into every phase of Mr. Balfour's character and career. He have been overlooked or ignored by the authors of previous appreciations or depreciations. Perception, energy, and judgment are the essential qualities re-

quired in the conduct of State affairs, and when all these are present in the same individual in the highest degree and in perfect blending, we get a statesman who is an epoch-making personage, if circumstances are favourable to such development. Mr. Raymond defines Mr. Balfour as a type of the man of action "in whom great powers of comprehension go with some deficiency of judgment and a marked deficiency of energy." And, to proceed with this acute analysis by a writer who never for a moment loses a just sense of historical perspective, though Mr. Balfour can rapidly judge the nature of a sudden emergency (such as might occur in the theatre of party tactics) he has not "the automatic and almost infallible judgment of some great statesmen, contracting to the smallest details, expanding to the largest demands." Again, he has often shown himself capable of fierce and impetuous energy-but it has always been a fitful energy, requiring the stimulus of a great occasion and soon satiated by success. Mr. Raymond sees the cause of his subject's lack of energy as partly due to too narrow a margin of physical strength, and partly to a want of the appetite for work and of that keen zest in the active exercise of power, which has often lifted men of quite inferior abilities to great heights. That is, surely, the right theory, or "working hypothesis," for the elucidation of a type of statesman which has frequently appeared in Continental politics, especially in the French arena; where charm is as valuable an asset to the ambitious politician as magnetism is in the vast and turbulent arena of American political controversy. Here I must recall the epigram of a very clever lady, not in the least given to Margotism, who opined that "Mr. Balfour is enough of a golfer not to get fat and enough of a philosopher never to be fatuous." Mr. Raymond, who has a delightful sense of political humour besides a power of vision, would have enjoyed that sudden flash of feminine intuition.

Many new facts are brought out in Mr. Raymond's biography. For example, we have a delightful picture of Mr. Balfour's childhood at Whittingehame, where, at the time of the Cotton Famine, the sufferings of the poor were impressed on him and the other children by his sister being compelled to cook the dinner and himself to help black the boots. This would have surprised

the Labour M.P. I have mentioned above. The remarkable prayer by his mother, Lady Blanche Balfour, which begins—

From the dangers of meta-physical subtleties and from profitless speculation on the origin of evil-Good Lord deliver me! and goes on to ask for "leisure to care for the little things of others, and a habit of realising in my own mind their position and feelings" (it is quoted in full in Mrs. Asquith's book), makes for the belief that he, like so many other famous men, owed most to a remarkable mother. Mr. Raymond shows the subtle interactions between his private and his public life, so that we see him as a human being and not the bloodless entity, a brain on stilts, like a Martian war-machine, of the caricaturists and lampoonists. The account of his public career is marked by such a wealth of inside knowledge, and is so brilliantly written, as to be indispensable to every student of the politics of the last sixty years. Indeed, it is really a history of our times strung on the

of our times strung on the life, as on a silken thread, of the most fascinating and perplexing of our Elder Statesmen. There is an excellent concluding chapter on Mr. Balfour's philosophy, in which his literary style, hardly surpassed for its purpose in our language, is duly praised.



THE MARRIAGE OF A FRENCH LITERARY VETERAN: M. ANATOLE FRANCE, THE FAMOUS NOVELIST, AND HIS BRIDE (MLLE. EMMA LEPRÉVOTTE).

M. Anatole France, who at seventy-six is pre-eminent among living French writers, as the author of numerous novels, poems, and other works, was married on October 11 to Mile. Emma Leprévotte, at the Mairie of St. Cyr-sur-Loire, near Tours. His daughter and only child, Mme. Michel Psichari, died in 1918.—[Photograph by Masuel.]

is one of the incomprehensibles, no doubt; but Mr. Raymond brings him nearer to our comprehension than anybody else who has tried to solve the riddle. To begin with, he takes in certain terms, external or internal factors, which



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OUT OF THE HORRORS OF WAR

we have emerged the wiser for many of its lessons; and the habits that we formed during the dark days have remained with us, tested and proven by stern necessity. That is the reason why the men who led our troops through the ghastly days of War, when the matter of clothing was one of the greatest difficulties they had to face, insist always on

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1)	Shirts (M	ledium '	Weight)	•••	***	31/6
29	Pyjamas	77	99	***	***	53/6
"AZA"	Shirts (St	tandard	Weight)	***	•••	25/-
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" Clydella	" Shirts	23	99	***	***	21/-
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LADIES' NEWS.

CANADIAN Countess will be something of a novelty to us here. Canadian Peeresses we have. Lord Minto is, however, to bring us a Canadian bred and born as his Countess. The connection of his family with the Dominion is an old one. His father was out there as Military Secretary to the Governor-General from 1883 to 1886, and took, as Chief of Staff, a very distinguished part in quelling the North-West rebellion in 1885. Later, he was Governor-General for six years; soon after, he Governor-General for six years; soon after, he became Viceroy of India. Naturally, Lord Minto as a boy made Canadian friendships. His mother, the Countess, has always loved Canada, where her life was very happy. Being a sportswoman, she travelled all over the country, camping out, and went up to Klondyke. The North-West Mounted Police were, she always said, the finest and most chivalrous gentlemen possible to meet. An accident skating, resulting in a broken leg, served to show Lady Minto how true and sincere were the friends she made in the Dominion. In all the winter sports she joined, and her opinion was that, for sheer joyous excitement, none equalled ice-yachting. That she will warmly welcome a Canadian daughter-in-law is quite certain. Lord Minto is Captain in the General Reserve of Officers, and is a good soldier and sportsman. His father brought over Canadian horses, and, with a mixture of Irish hunter blood, had mounts which were accorded high praise when members of his family rode them with the Duke of Buccleuch's Hounds. Lord Minto had one brother only, the Hon. Gavin Elliot, who was killed in action. His sisters are the Countess of Cromer, Lady George Scott, and Lady Violet Astor.

Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, looking delightfully attractive in black slightly relieved with white, and wearing a silver fox fur, presided at a friendly meeting of stall-holders for the Jubilee Empire Christmas Fair, to be held in the Albert Hall on Dec. 15 and 16, in aid of Dr. Barnardo's Homes. The Princess made a little speech thanking the Empire representatives for having stalls, and thanking also the very capable Hon. Organiser, Miss Margaret Baxter. There will be fifty-three stalls, on which every article will be a gift. Princess Alice signed 2000 letters about the Fair with her own hand, refusing to have her signature lithographed. With so good a President and Organiser, so fine a cause, and so many loyal helpers, the Fair will be a huge success. Gifts to the Hon. Organiser, Room 27, Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove's, will be gratefully acknowledged.

The Prince of Wales is much more a man's man than a woman's man—which is to say, he is direct of speech and manly in all his ways, and is no carpet knight and sayer of sweet nothings. The result is that men have for his Royal Highness the warmest



A PEARL-EMBROIDERED EVENING DRESS.

To be in keeping with the pearl-embroidered net of her gown, her panniers are of the filmiest of white tulle, and the only touches of colour about her are her fan and the flowers at the side of her dress.—[Photograph by G.P.U]

of loyal respect and devotion; while with our sex's admiration for his manly qualities comes a feeling of great regard for his sincerity. After all, every woman loves sincerity even when she likes pretty speeches. The Prince talks sense to girls, not the usual "slangy pal" talk or the facetious buttering up of most of the young men of the day.

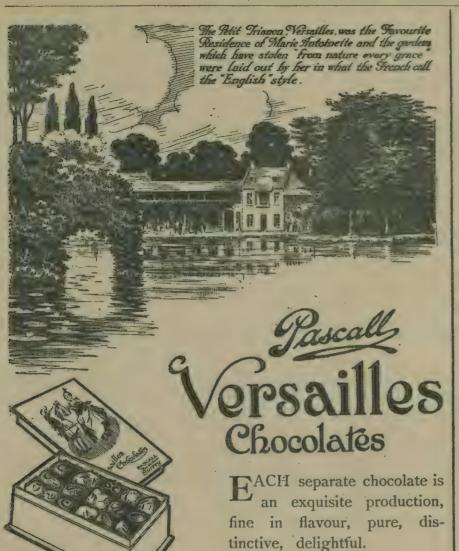
Prince George has taken to a sailor's life like the proverbial duck to water. At present the Temeraire, a training-ship on which he is a cadet, is visiting the Mediterranean. She will be in home waters early in December, and the sailor Prince will get leave in time to spend Christmas at Sandringham. Early in next year he will be appointed to a ship. He is anxious to have a friend or two who have been with him ever since he started his naval training appointed to the same ship he gets. The Navy is, however, not cognisant of even royal friendships, so he can only hope for what he wants. Prince George is a very handsome lad, and tall. He is full of fun and life, but it was quite unfair to connect him with a rowdy incident in Southampton when he had not been ashore.

Sir Frederick Milner, that loyal friend of soldiers, officers and privates, who has fought for pensions, and fights now for suitable homes for those whose brains suffered through the war, has gone into his new home, Taplow Lodge, near Maidenhead. He had two daughters almost as tall as himself-the Marchioness of Linlithgow and Mrs. Yorke, who, alas ! died not many months ago. His only son, who is taller than himself, and who outgrew his strength somewhat-being six foot two when he was eighteenis an artist. He has a studio in Chelsea, and his father's new home has been decorated under his supervision. On his mother's side he is a relative of Lord Grimthorpe, and Lord Henry Nevill's first wife was his aunt. His maternal grandfather was killed by accident on a railway line near his home.

Two new Masters of Hounds have sportswomen wives. The Earl of St. Germans, who married a daughter of the Duke of Beaufort—whose love of hunting is inherited from both parents—has become Master of the East Cornwall. Doubtless he will be out with the Belvoir, his father-in-law's pack, during the season. Lord Hillingdon is the new Master of the Grafton, and Lady Hillingdon has love of hunting in her blood. Her grandfather, the late Earl Cadogan, was one of the finest judges of a horse in the United Kingdom, and the late Countess one of the finest horsewomen. Unfortunately, she has begun the season with a bad fall, fracturing two ribs.

A. E. L.





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SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

MARRIAGE GARMENTS AS A BADGE OF SENILITY.

A MONG zoologists, and those who are concerned with the interpretation of animal behaviour, it is commonly held that the conspicuous plumes of the peacock, pheasants, and birds-of-Paradise, for example, are to be regarded as the product of "sexual selection." This view we owe to Darwin, who, struck by the fact that these ornaments are always

made to play a very conspicuous part during courtship, suggested that they had been developed by a process of slow growth from small beginnings, through the exercise of choice by the courted females. He postulated that they chose, though unconsciously, from a number of suitors him who pleased most by reason of his superior beauty. Assuming that the successful males possessed an inherent tendency to develop ornamental plumage, each succeeding generation would thus become in some degree more beautiful than the last. The ultimate result we see to-day.

The "love-displays" of the peacock and the turkey are familiar enough to us all. But those who have the good fortune to watch the birds in the Zoological Gardens during the mating season will be able to add extensively to their experience in this matter. Some of these displays, indeed, are astonishing-as in the cases of the pheasants, the ruff, great bustard, sun-bittern, kagu, and birds - of - Paradise. It would take up far too much of my allotted space to de-

scribe even one of these; but some time ago, in a book on the Courtship of Animals, I gave a number of illustrations drawn from life of some of the more remarkable of such antics.

Dr. Chalmers Mitchell, in his most interesting "Childhood of Animals," again and again refers to the part these brilliant liveries play in courtship. He

cites the "startling case" of the bird-of-Paradise among his array of brilliant males. Among other males which "wear their bravest livery as a marriage dress" he selects for special mention the peacock and the Amherst pheasant. In watching these, he tells us the females were in both cases "at first indifferent or reluctant, but the glittering expanses of feathers soon excited their attention." And he continues: "Even if such decorations are no more than outcrops of structure and surplus physiological activity, they are



AN ECHO OF THE SUBMARINE WAR: A GERMAN U-BOAT BREAKING SURFACE OFF HELICOLAND (SEEN - IN THE DISTANCE).

The sight of a U-boat "breaking surface" was only too familiar to our merchant seamen during the war, but naturally seldom, if ever, photographed. This picture was taken in war-time from a German torpedo-boat, and recently came into British hands. Heligoland was not restored to Britain by Germany under the Peace Treaty, though Germany has had to destroy its fortifications. The islanders have appealed to the British nation for help in preserving their ancient rights and customs from German interference.

> used to attract the attention of the females and possibly excite them." The views here tersely expressed by Dr. Chalmers Mitchell as to the meaning of brilliant plumage are entirely in accord with those of other men of science who have descanted upon this theme. They lend no support, then, to some very extraordinary statements which have recently appeared

in the newspapers relative to the birds-of-Paradise. It is true that these statements are not made by anyone of standing in the scientific world, but they are none the less mischievous. They are to the effect that the gorgeous plumes of the greater bird-of-Paradise are not "marriage garments," but tokens of senility! For sublime ineptitude this contention would be hard to beat. We are solemnly assured that the females actually shun the resplendent birds in order to mate with the sombrely clad, immature,

males, whose fertility is exhausted by the time they have assumed what is with-out question their "nuptial dress." But this dress, we are now asked to believe, is to be regarded as but a relic, merely, of a bygone age when it was useful as a lure to females in search of a mate. No attempt is made to explain how it is that, if sure a lure was needed in the past, it has now become repellent. It is feebly suggested that we have here a parallel to the case of the Irish deer whose enormous antlers, by over-develop-ment, brought about the extinction of their owners. That this view is correct is highly probable. But this does not mean that they were useless as weapons in fighting between rival males, but that they became so burdensome that they hampered the animal in attempting to escape from the attacks of wolves. In the same way, the plumes of the birdof - Paradise would bring about its extinction if, by changes in the environment, migration became necessary, or new enemies in the shape of birds of prey made their

appearance. Rapid flight with such a voluminous train would be impossible, and the species would become speedily exterminated. Many might well think that the whole story is invented to justify the demands of the plume trade, who will endeavour to show that the killing of these "infertile birds" is not only justified, but praiseworthy.-W. P. PYCRAFT.



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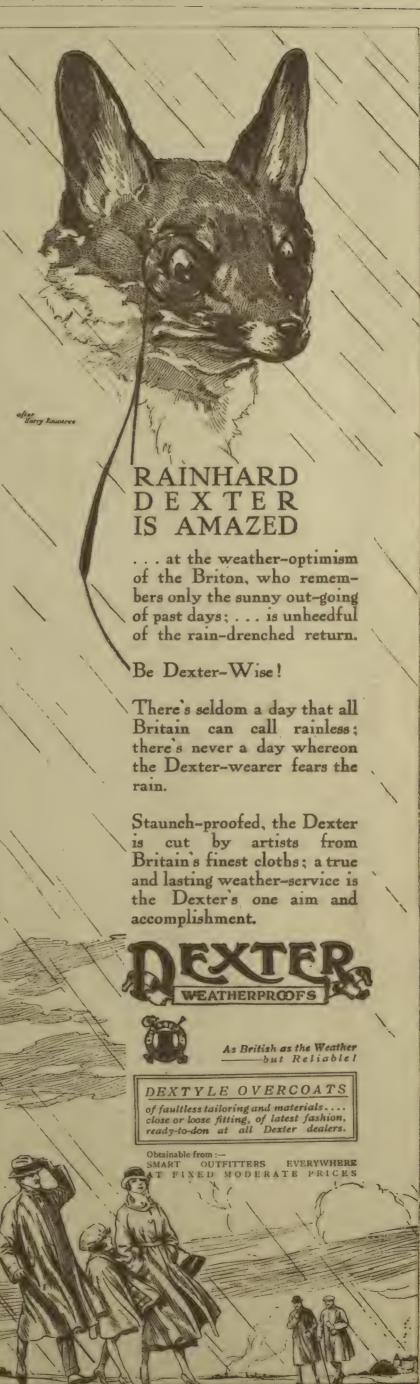
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PROTECTIVE COLORATION IN NATURE.

(See Natural-Colour Photographs elsewhere in this Number.)

THE late Rev. J. G. Wood, that popular natural history writer of our schooldays, mentions in one of his books that during the Franco-German War "the principle of concealment was largely used, and when cannon were brought into the field for the purpose of attacking fortresses they were always hidden under branches of trees, so that the enemy could not distinguish them from ordinary features of the country." But at that distant date man's knowledge of what

science now calls

" protective resem-

blance" was relatively slight;

while the art of "camouflage," as it is interpreted to-

day, is definitely

an outcome of needs manifested

gained during the earlier phases of

the Great War.

It was soon found

that the would-be camouflage expert

who desired to

achieve marked

success in his vo-

cation must be an artist and a natur-

alist rolled into

one, because Dame

Nature has been

busily experiment-

ing for several

millions of years

past, and has dis-

covered most of

the wrinkles that

are worth know-

ing about what

Professor E. B.

experience

and



AUTHOR OF "BLISS," A FORTH-COMING VOLUME OF SHORT STORIES; KATHERINE MANSFIELD (MRS. MIDDLETON MURRY).

Mrs. John Middleton Murry, wife of the Editor of the "Athenæum," has collected some of her short stories into a volume entitled "Bliss," to be published by Messrs. Constable ms or about November 20. She writes under her maiden name, Miss Katherine Mansfield.

Poulton terms "cryptic coloration." So the authorities in France sent post-haste to the authorities at home, and the Natural History Museum in Cromwell Road was asked to provide, in the shortest possible time, such information and specimens—oh, yes, and lantern-slides: especially coloured lantern-slides—as might be necessary to show how Nature does the trick. This, of course, was rather a big order, for nobody

yet knows more than a tenth part of what Nature is going to teach us of this matter, if only we can read her riddles aright. Still, the Natural History Museum responded manfully to the call, with the result that the camouflage officers soon began

result that the camouflage officers soon began to understand at least the rudiments of their calling.

Right back in the early days of the war it was pointed out by a naturalist that the designer of the British Service cap must have been unacquainted with "Thayer's law," and that this ignorance must be costing us the lives of many soldiers. Now, Thayer's law says that the reason why so many animals and birds are dark above and light below is that this arrangement results in a neutralisation of shadow, and consequently in concealment. Mr. Abbot H. Thayer, who formulated the "law," reminds us that an artist, by the process known as shading-i.e., a painting in of shadow-produces the appearance of relief, or solidity, upon his flat canvas. Now, Nature—so, at least, Mr. Thayer claims—often aims at producing exactly opposite effects. Her shading results in what may be termed a painting out of shadow, with the result that the appearance of solidity is effaced. Hence, other things being equal, a bird that is coloured dark above and white below will be far less conspicuous than one that is uniformly coloured. For all-round concealment, the colour of khaki is undoubtedly hard to beat. But the Service cap falls short of maximum protection in two important particularssince a bright line is formed by the flat top of the cap seen in perspective, and below this there is a dark line caused by the shadow of the projecting crown. These tell-tale horizontal lines remain conspicuous when the rest of the soldier has melted away, so to speak, into his background. To obviate the defects, it would be necessary to darken considerably the crown of the cap, and to whiten the under surface of the projecting crown, as well as those parts of the band that are overshadowed thereby. It is highly probable that this plan would have been adopted had it not been rendered superfluous by the use of steel helmets in the danger zone.

Undoubtedly the most interesting and instructive examples of natural camouflage occur in the insect world. It would be no exaggeration to say that thousands of species of insects gain protection from their enemies

because their colours blend with those of their normal environment. Obviously, a moving insect could not be rendered invisible by any combination of colours. Thus, in general, we find that protective coloration



A GREAT CANADIAN WITH THE MOTTO "CANADA FIRST":

QUEBEC'S FIRST MEMORIAL TO SIR WILFRID LAURIER.

This monument to the late Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the great Canadian statesman, was unveiled by Lady Laurier at Iberville, Quebec, on October 18. It is the first memorial to him in his native province. The inscription reads:

"Le Canada D'Abord (Canada First). Wilfrid Laurier, 1841-1919. Offert par le Comte D'Iberville."—[Photograph by British and Colonial Press.]

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LOOKING BACKWARD

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Continued.

is confined to those parts of the body and wings which are exposed to view when the insect assumes its habitual sleeping or resting pose. Many of our native butterflies, including some of the gayest, have the under side of the wings so coloured that the resting insect is quite inconspicuous. It often happens that the insect resembles a leaf—either a green leaf or one that has become withered or decayed. Some of the most interesting examples of leaf simulation are found among foreign butterflies. The wonderful Indian Leaf butterfly (Kallima) is too well known to need descrip-

tion here; but there is another common but-terfly from the Indian region-the Giant Orange - tip (Hebomoia glaucippe) - which, while it has been less written about, is really no less interesting, since it shows how strangely economical Nature can be in the elaboration of colour schemes. . her Only the hind wings and the tips of the fore wings show the brown, leaf-like veining on the under side. The remainder of the fore wings on the under side (that is to say, the portions which do not show when the butterfly is resting) are white. Exactly the same parsimony is observable in our own little Orangetip butterfly (Euchla cardamines); but in this instance it is not a leaf which is imitated, but a little cluster of white flowers seen against a green background. Per-

haps the best simulation of a cluster of withered leaves is presented by the resting Lappet moth (Gastropacha quercifolia), which, although common, is rarely found by the novice, who tails to see through the deception. Our little Green Hair-streak butterfly (Thecla rub), when resting with folded wings, resembles living foliage; but the most wonderful "green leaf insects" belong to the genus Phyllium. They are found only in the tropics of the Old World, and have a peculiar penchant for island life. The best-known species is

fairly common in Ceylon, whence it is exported (as dried "specimens"), in considerable numbers, since it commands a ready sale among lovers of natural curiosities. Only those who have seen this insect in its living state, however, can form any idea of its extraordinary likeness to a leaf—or, rather, to a number of leaves clustered together—for head, body, wing-cases, and legs are all flattened and leaf-like in colour and design. There is some reason for believing that these insects actually mistake their own brothers and cousins for leaves. At least,

of the fore wings resembles that of the bark, or perhaps a tuft of lichen. The hind wings are often conspicuously—even brightly—coloured, but they are completely hidden by the fore wings, which are folded roof-wise over them when the insect settles. Our common Red Underwing moth (Cate cala nupta) is a good example. On the other hand, the "carpet" moths (Geometridæ), which rest with open wings pressed flat against the substratum or background, have the whole upper wing area protectively coloured.

A. HAROLD BASTIN.



CONFRONTED ON HIS RETURN WITH THE RESIGNATION OF THE BELGIAN CABINET: KING ALBERT, WITH QUEEN ELIZABETH, AT MASS ON BOARD THE "SAO PAOLO," ON THEIR HOMEWARD VOYAGE FROM BRAZIL. King Albert found Belgium in a state of political crisis on his return from Brazil. He reached Brussels (by aeroplane from Paris) on Nov. 3. On the same day the Premier, M. Delacroix, handed him the collective resignation of the Cabinet, and declined to form another, as also did the Socialist leader, M. Brunet. A Coalition Government was suggested King Albert and Queen Elizabeth left Zeebrugge for Brazil, in the Brazilian Dreadnought, "Sao Paolo," on Sept. 1, on an official visit in return for that of the President of Brazil, Dr. Epitacio Pessoa, to Belgium last year,—(Photograph by Topical.)

it is true that they nibble pieces out of one another when in captivity, just as at other times they nibble pieces out of the leaves which are their proper food. Still more remarkable is the fact that the eggs of these insects bear a close structural resemblance to seeds.

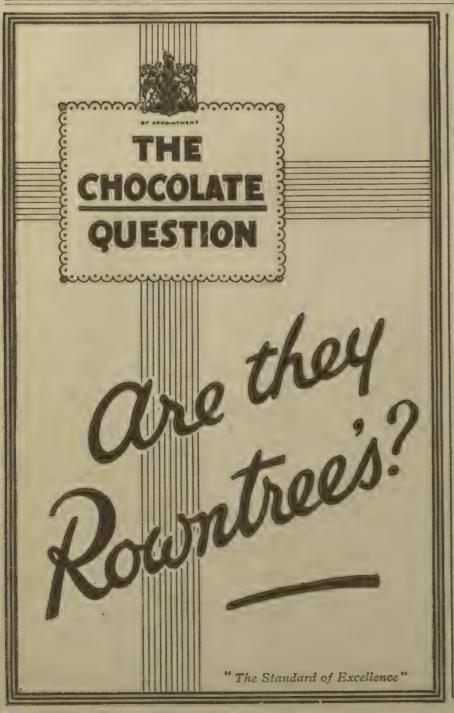
Another instance of Nature's unwillingness to "waste" her skill as a camouflage artist may be cited. In the case of the "owlet" moths (Noctuidæ), which rest upon tree-trunks or rocks, the coloration

Many readers will doubtless be interested in a project for a new monthly magazine, The Beacon, edited by Mr. E. R. Appleton, and to be issued by Mr. Basil Blackwell, the wellknown publisher, of 49. Broad Street, Oxford, if sufficient prospect of support is forthcoming. The magazine will deal broadly and constructively with education, religion, and art as related subjects, and will stand definitely against materialism. It will be illustrated, and will include short stories and original poetry. A preliminary prospectus may be had from the pub-

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lisher.

newspaper advertisements, of each type of biscuit they select from over thirty varieties. They should then send the descriptions, each accompanied by a dealer's bill proving the purchase of at least one pound of the biscuits described, to the Advertisement Manager, Messrs. Peek, Frean, and Co., London, S.E. 16. Any number of descriptions may be submitted, provided a dealer's bill is attached to each. A prize of £500 is offered for the best description, and 100 other prizes of £5 each. The closing date for entries is Nov. 30.







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In these words Dr. Saleeby indicates to the house-wives of Britain how they can deal with the grave food danger that now exists, the danger of malnutrition—consequent upon the short and dear supplies of butter, milk and eggs—which has produced such terrible consequences in Central Europe. That way is, to "rely upon suet."

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Many great medical authorities have proved that "ATORA" Beef Suet and plenty of it, used in the daily food of the family, is a profound factor for health and in the development of sturdy, happy children.

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HUGON & CO., Ltd., Openshaw, Manchester.

L.G. SLOAN'S RUBBER BANDS

Stretch them as far as you want and even then there is something in hand. No weak spots anywhere. Thin little Bands that take the place of string; thick broad bands that have the resistance of rope—and all grades between.

Of Stationers everywhere. Insist on "L. G. Sloan's Rubber Bands."

"L. G. Sloan's Rubber Bands." L. G. SLOAN, LTD., The Pen Corner, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.



Seen everywhere

Millions appreciate the economy and comfort of wearing Phillips' Rubber Soles and Heels. Ideal for general wear.

Phillips RUBBERS "Last the time of three." Men's Stout - 5/6 per set.

Youths' Stout - 4/5

Ladies' and Children's - 3/- ,
Small Children's - 2/- ,
Heels only—Men's Light, 1/6 pair.

Ladies' - 1/- ,

FROM ALL BOOTMAKERS.

Extra charge for fixing



CHESS.

- To Correspondents.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.
- I S WILSON (Dublin) .- There is no collection of the kind you want. For collections that have actually been published apply to "Chess Amateur," Stroud, Gloucestershire,
- A W LUYENDYK (Winkler, Mass., U.S.A.).—We have carefully considered your last contribution, and have reluctantly come to the conclusion the position is too crowded and ungainly. It lacks the essential quality of economy of force
- G STILLINGFLEET JOHNSON (Cobham).-Much obliged, it shall appear
- F W R LEISTIKOW (Felstead). Your problem is correct, but it lacks variety, and mate by discovery occurs too often.
- CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3841 received from P V Early (Fatshan, China); of No. 3844 from J C Westcott (San Diego, California) and H A Seller (Denver, U.S.A.); of No. 3845 from J B Camara (Madeira), E M Vicars (Norwich) and Jas. T Paliner (Church); 3846 from F Harper Shove, Brian Hamilton (Reading) C H Watson (Masham), Ygierna da Piedade Ansur (Lisbon), E J Gibbs (East Ham), A B Wynne Willson (Hereford), Jas. T Palmer, H Grasett Baldwin (Farnham), H W Satow (Bangor), W C D Smith (Northampton), P Cooper (Clapham), Henry Evans (Dublin) and H Cockell (Penge).
- CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3847 received from H W Satow (Bangor), J C Stackhouse (Torquay), A E Hutchinson (Liverpool), I S Forbes (Brighton), P Cooper (Clapham), G Stillingfleet Johnson, Albert Taylor (Sheffield), A H H (Bath), H Grasett Baldwin (Farnham), A W Hamilton-Gell (Exeter), Brian Hamilton (Reading) and R J Lonsdale (New Brighton).

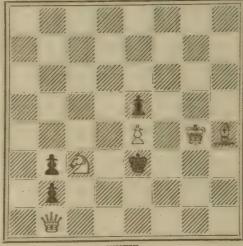
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 3846.—BY A. M. SPARKF.

WHITE

r. R to K Kt 4th 2. Mates accordingly.

BLACK Any move

PROBLEM No. 3848 .- By Godfrey Heathcote. (From "Chess Idylls.") BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN ENGLAND.

Game played at Barrow-in-Furness Chess Club between Mr. O. H. LABONE and Mr. BUTLER.

(Vienna Game.)

P to K 4th

P to Q 3rd

P to B 3rd

Q to B and

P to Q 4th

Preparing to Castle Q R.

15. P to K R 3rd Kt to B 3rd

the continuation of his original

Kt to R 3rd

B to Kt 20d

P takes P

Castles (Q R)

Kt to Kt 5th

P to Q Kt 4th

P to Q Kt 3rd

I' to K R 3rd

3. P to B ath

4. P to B 5th

5. P to Q 3rd

6. Kt to B 3rd

7. Kt to K 28d

8. Kt to Kt 3rd

9. P to B 3rd

10, B to K 2nd

12. Q to B and

14. P to Kt 4th

13. P takes P

Tr. Castles

WHITE (Mr. L.) BLACK (Mr. B.) WHITE (Mr. L.) BLACK (Mr. B.) intention by Q to Kt 3rd (ch); 16. K to R sq. Kt to K 6th; 2. Kt to Q B 3rd Kt to K B 3rd 17. B takes Kt, Q takes B, with a fair game.

16. B to K 3rd 17. P to Q R 4th

The commencement of a crushing attack, for which White's pleces are admirably posted.

Q to B sq 18. P takes P P takes P 19. B takes Kt P K B takes P 20. B takes Kt B takes B 21. KR to Kt sq. R to Q 6th 22. R takes B (ch) K to R sq Much better would have been 23. Q takes R Resigns.

· A very pretty win.

Three of the ex-enemy passenger steamers lately sold on behalf of the Government have been purchased by the Orient Steam Navigation Company. They are the Zeppelin (14,167 tons), Königin Luise (10,785 tons), and Prinz Ludvig (9687 tons). The Orient Line will thus be enabled to increase the number of their sailings to Australia. The first to sail will be the Konigin Luise (re-named Omar) from London about Jan. 29, 1921.

Warning. Twinges

of GOUT, RHEUMATISM, and SCIATICA cease within an hour of taking a dose of Osmos, so swift and effective is its influence in these complaints.

A physician in practice at a popular British Spa states: "I am more pleased with Osmos than any other water, and am largely prescribing it.'



Sold at all Chemists, Boot's Cash Chemists, Taylor's Drug Stores, Timothy White, Ltd., 3/= per bottle, or post free from Osmos, Crown Wharf, Hayes, Middlesex.

Booklet "B" gives full particulars of this British Water. Send postcard.

Borden's

CONDENSED SWEETENED MILK FULL CREAM



A Healthy Happy Baby is Joy to Every Mother

Growing babies need nourishing and strengthening food. BORDEN'S EAGLE BRAND CONDENSED MILK, composed of rich, full cream cow's milk and pure granulated sugar, has supplied over eight million babies throughout the world with a clean, wholesome, easily prepared food when Nature's supply was denied

BORDEN'S EAGLE BRAND CON-DENSED MILK is guaranteed uniform in quality and composition at all seasons of the year and all climates.

Wise mothers throughout the world for over three generations have relied upon "Eagle Brand" to furnish nourishing and strengthening food for their babies when their own supply proved inadequate.

If you cannot nurse your baby, or your milk for any reason disagrees with him—buy a tin of BORDEN'S EAGLE BRAND CON-DENSED MILK from your dealer-follow instructions from the label carefully, and note the wonderful progress your baby will make.

Recognised as second to none. Nothing removed but water— Nothing added but pure sugar.

The Borden label is your duarantee,



Established 1857.

Post Pullars

We pay postage

That Felt, Straw, or Velour Hat for cleaning and reblocking to prevailing shape. New linings and hat bands supplied where necessary. Send to any Pullar Branch or Agency, or post direct to-PULLARS'

Cleaners & Dyers Perth



AFTER 20 YEARS' EXPERIENCE GENERAL SIR GEORGE GREAVES writes :-FOR ASTRMA, CATARRE, COUCH.

PASTILLES

FOR VOICE, THROAT, CHEST,

Act like a charm.

A boon to Speakers, Singers, Teachers, Travellers.

Recommended by

MME. SARAH BERNHARDI, MISS ELLEI SIR HENRY IRVING, MISS JULIA CARDINAL VAUGHAN, SIR CHARLES AND THE MEDICAL FACULTY. MISS ELLEN TERRY, MISS JULIA NEILSON, SIR CHARLES SANTLEY,

Chemists 3- Stores 1/3 per box.



Harmless to the Stomach. Safeguard against cold.

"PINELYPTUS" is Resistered at Home and Abread PROCTOR'S PINKLYPTUS DEPOT, NEWCASTLE. 03-TYNK. Agencies in U.S.A., Norway, France, Japan, Egypt, etc.

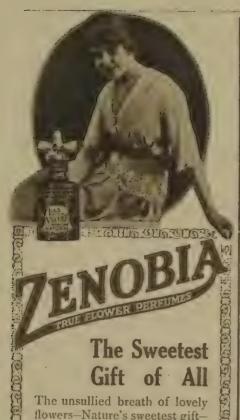


Easily Erected Anywhere

The Browne and Lilly Motor House can be quickly erected in your own garden. Artistic in appearance—it adds to the gar-den's attractions. The most compact, commodious, and convenient garage. Accommodates one or more cars with plenty of room for overhauling. Thoroughly weatherproof, gives lifelong service.

Write for Free Illustrated Catalogue, which gives particulars of all kinds of Portable Buildings

BROWNE & LILLY, Ltd., Manufacturers and Exporters, THAMES SIDE, READING



The unsullied breath of lovely flowers—Nature's sweetest gift—is reproduced with fidelity and charm in Zenobia perfumes. What more delightful Christmas or Birthday present than Zenobia perfumes—sweet and lingering and true!

Zenobia Lily of the Valley sold at 3/-, 5/-, 8/0, and 16/6 per bottle, is the very soul of the flower held captive for milady's pleasure. Among perfumes of its kind it stands supreme. Other favourites are:

Zenobia Sweet Pea Blossom, Zenobia Night-Scented Stock, 3/-, 5/-, 7/6, etc., per bottle.

Zenobia Sweet Pea is the original sweet Pea Perfume and is still unrivalled. Of all high-class Chemists, Stores, and Perfumers.

The popular Zenobia Christmas Greeting Sachets are again obtainable. Various perlumes and numerous new designs.

ZENOBIA, LTD., Loughborough, Leicestershire.



HEN you light a 'Meriel,' let the smoke trickle away: lean back and thoroughly enjoy the exquisite flavour of this entrancing cigar; you are enjoying one of the greatest pleasures in the world, and at the same time your conscience is clear—you are not being extravagant, for Imperiales de Rothschild Cigars cost but 1/- each. They are made of superb Havana Tobacco, wrapped in an exquisite Sumatra cover, and equal a 4/- imported cigar. Prove it, if you please.

we guarantee their quality.

SIDNEY PULLINGER LTD.



£500

and ONE HUNDRED other sums of £5 each are offered by

PEEK FREAN & Co., Ltd.,

in the following simple competition which is OPEN TO ALL.

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO :-

The following are some of PEEK FREAN'S

popular biscuits: Bourbon Butter Finger Café au Lait Chocolate Assorted Claremont Colonial Cream Cracker Custard Cream Digestive Fairy Cakes Family Assorted Ginger Nut Golden Puff Grand Fleet "Ideal Milk" Marie Milk Nice Osborne Oswego Pat-a-Cake (Regd.) Petit Beurre Punch and Judy (Regd.) Rich Assorted Santa Claus (Regd.) Mixed P. F. Shortcake

Snapdragon' (Regd.)

Texas Cracker

Wine (Mixed)

Treasure

Go to your usual supplier and purchase at least 1 lb. of any one or any number of the biscuits made by Peek Frean & Co., Ltd., and of which a short list appears opposite.

Then write a description, not exceeding 20 words, of each of the Biscuits you select, using phrases suitable for newspaper advertisements.

Send this description, attached to a Dealer's Bill showing the purchase of the Biscuit described, addressed to the Advertisement Manager, Peek Frean & Co., Ltd., London, S.E. 16, to reach them not later than 30th of November.

The Directors of Peek Frean & Co., Ltd., will decide which is the best description sent in, and will despatch a cheque for £500 to the successful Competitor. £5 each will be sent to the writers of the next best hundred descriptions.

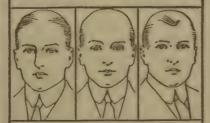
The names of successful Competitors will be published in the London and Provincial newspapers on Wednesday, Dec. 8th.

Any number of descriptions may be sent, but each separate description must be accompanied by a Dealer's Bill proving the purchase of at least 1 lb. of the Biscuit described.

No one Competitor may take more than one prize.

In all questions arising in connection with this Competition, the decision of the Directors of Peek Frean & Co., Ltd., shall be final.

Young Men Don't Get Bald Cuticura Does Much To Prevent It



Dandruff, itching, scalp irritation, etc., point to an unhealthy condition of the scalp, which leads to thin, falling hair and premature baldness. Frequent shampoos with Cuticura Soap and hot water do much to prevent such a condition, especially if preceded by a gentle anointing with Cuticura Ointment to spots of dandruff and itching.

Esap 1s., Talcum 1s. 3d., Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d. Soid throughout the Empire. British Depot: F. Eswhert & Sons, 1std. 3f. (Cantacheurs Sp., Leaden. Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.

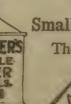
Pretty Girls Take Carter's

Imperfect complexion is caused by a sluggish liver. A few days' treatment with **Carter's Little Liver Pills** will do more to clear the skin and restore the bloom of perfect health to the cheeks than all beauty treatments.

You will even be better looking by taking Carter's.

They cure Constipation, unclog the liver, end indigestion—biliousness and dizziness.

Harmless and purely Vegetable.
The Ideal Laxative for Children.



Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price.
The GENUINE must bear signature

Bront Good

THE CULT OF THE POSTAGE STAMP.

BY FRED J. MELVILLE.

PALESTINE is to have stamps of its own under the new conditions which now prevail there of a British mandate with the object of establishing a national home for the Jewish people. During and since the war the civilian population in Palestine have been supplied with the special stamps of the Egyptian Expeditionary Force, but these will be replaced shortly by stamps of special design which will be

inscribed in three languages-English, Arabic, and Hebrew. As a temmeasure, Egyptian Expeditionary Force stamps have been overprinted "Palestine" in the three languages mentioned, and the stamps so overprinted at Jerusalem are now current throughout the Holy Land. The overprint is in black ink on all of the stamps except the one piastre, which, being of a deep indigo colour, would not show up a black overprint, so the overprint on this stamp is silveredthat is to say, after an impression has been made in ink, while the ink is still wet silver powder is dusted over it, and, adhering to it, creates a silvered impression of the inscription.

Very few examples of the latest d'Annunzio stamps of Fiume had reached other countries until now, owing to the town being quarantined

on account of plague. The quarantine is now lifted, and the stamps should now be obtainable. The regular postage-stamps of the new issue are remarkable for the extraordinary—and certainly not flattering—portrait of the poet, dramatist, and novelist, "King of Fiume," and, possibly, philatelist. He appears to be quite bald, and, in compensation for the lack of hirsute adornment, a spray of laurel extends from the back of his head to the right and left of the picture, the laurel of poetic inspiration or the victor's crown.

The motto, "Hic manebimus optime" might be freely translated "Here I am, and here I stay." The values in this portrait type are: 5 centesimi, green and grey; 10 centesimi, carmine and grey; 15 centesimi, grey and yellow; 20 centesimi, orange and yellow; 25 centesimi, deep-blue and green; 30 centesimi, chocolate and yellow; 45 centesimi, olive and yellow; 50 centesimi, violet and yellow; 55 centesimi, bistre and yellow; 1 lira, black and yellow; 2 lire, purple and yellow; 3 lire, green and yellow; 5 lire, green and yellow; 10 lire, slate and yellow.



1. Palestine under the British mandate: one of the provisional E.E.F. stamps overprinted in English, Arabic, and Hebrew, pending a new issue. 2 to 8. Fiume under d'Annunzio: (2) an olive-green 1 centesimo triangular stamp for newspapers and printed matter; (3) a blue-grey 30 centesimi express letter stamp; (4 to 8) some of the new Fiume issue with portrait of d'Annunzio—(left to right) 5 centesimi green; 10 cent. carmine; 15 cent. grey; 20 cent. orange; 25 cent. deep blue.

Stamps supplied by Mr. Fred. J. Melville, 110, Strand, W.C.2.

In addition, there is a triangular stamp for use on newspapers and printed matter; the design of this shows a steamer, possibly representative of D'Annunzio's navy; the denomination is I centesimo, and the colour olive-green.

Two express-letter stamps of long oblong shape complete the series; they depict a post-rider blowing his horn, followed in the cloudy distance by galloping horsemen. The values are: 30 centesimi, blue-grey; 50 centesimi, rose.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

MR. HACKETT'S MACBETH, AT THE ALDWYCH. IF sound elocution, intelligent, straightforward acting, and the absence of all that is distracting and impertinent in the way of spectacle and accessories are things to be grateful for in a rendering of a Shakespearean tragedy—and, of course, they are—then there should be a welcome for Mr. James K. Hackett's treatment of "Macbeth" and its title-rôle. He steers so clear of rant and over-emphasis in his

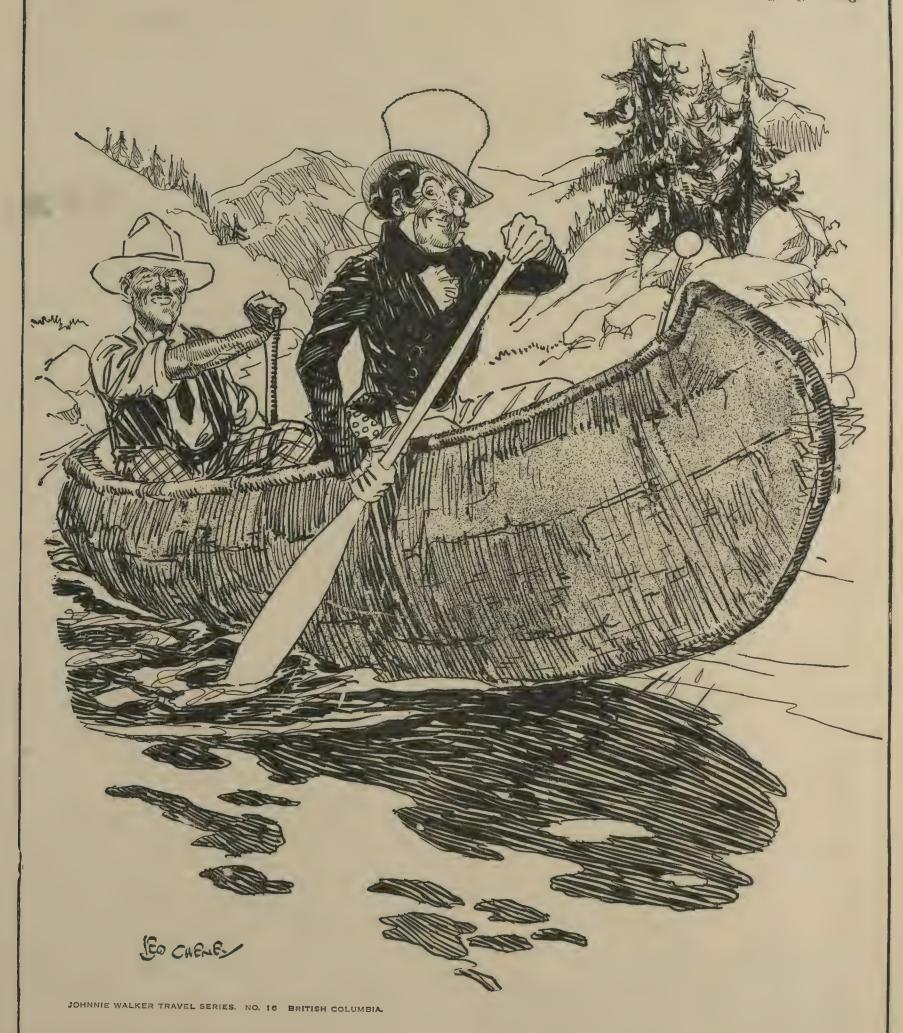
performance, he is so unaffected and lucid in his delivery of the lines, he is so determined that Shakespeare's character shall explain himself clearly in his own words without the professional glosses and point-making, that his reading of the part is a vocal treat in itself. And his production of the play is as persuasive as his management of the text. Elaborate sets do not delay the action; he is not above using curtains freely; he aims in his more ambitious scenery at simplicity rather than showiness, and his only extravagance, perhaps, reveals itself in the musical accompaniment. This in its length - Mr. Norman O'Neill is the clever composer-puts a little too much strain on the audience. One has described Mr. Hackett's work by negative rather than by positive terms of praise, and that is more or less inevitable. For the American

actor, while imposing in presence, sound in his handling of blank verse, eloquent as to voice, and free from pose, must be credited with a forthright rather than with an inspired reading. His Lady Macbeth, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, repeats a now familiar interpretation, picturesque at all times, forceful in the heroine's imments of railing, but lacking somehow—notably in the sleep-walking scene—in the capacity to thrill and appeal to the imagination. But the shortcomings in this revival should be overlooked for its abounding merits.





From George the Third
To George the Fifth
One hundred years long
Born 1820. Still going strong.



JOHNNIE WALKER: "I thought your rivers were generally turbulent. Why have you chosen so placid a stream?"

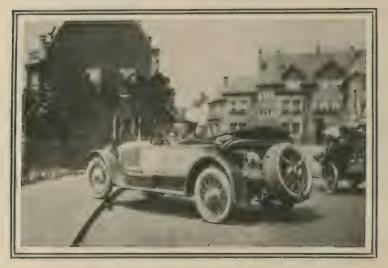
B.C. Settler: "It is a world-wide axiom that 'you must not drown Johnnie Walker."

Guaranteed same quality all over the world.

JOHN WALKER & SONS, LTD., Scotch Whisky Distillers, Kilmarnock, Scotland.

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

The Motor Show. Now the Motor Show is nearly over and it is possible to envisage its results, it may be said that it has been one of the most successful on record. Not only was it by far



MOUNTING A KERB AT ONE M.P.H.: THE "CROWN MAGNETIC"-AN INTERESTING CAR SHOWN AT THE WHITE CITY. Photograph by Sport and General.

the largest motor exhibition ever held, from the point of view of its number of individual exhibits, but it was by far and away the most representative of the world's cars. Nor has this been all, for the Show was very successful as a business affair. Some had anticipated that business would be poor, and that the purchasing public would not be inclined to buy These gloomy predictions have been falsified, and, although I have no means of estimating the exact volume of business done, I have reason to believe that, in point of genuine orders placed, the Show compared very well indeed with any of its predecessors. Of course, there was nothing like the rush to place orders that we saw last November, and a very good thing too. Nothing has contributed so much to the bad time through which the motor industry has been passing as the huge number of altogether fictitious orders which were placed at last year's Olympia. Scarcely a firm exhibited without getting its order-books full enough to have kept its factories going for two or three years—if the

orders had been all genuine. What happened was that people who wanted one car, knowing that deliveries were a very uncertain quantity, ordered three or four, sometimes even half a dozen, intending to cancel the rest, when the first car was delivered. Agents, too, thinking apparently that the boom was

going to last for ever, ordered far beyond their selling capacities, and have not been able to take the cars they bespoke. One way and another, the manufacturing trade has no reason to look back with any kindly feelings to 1920.

Everybody in the trade is now looking forward to next year with renewed hope. Those manufacturers and concession raires who deserved to do well at the Show are not complaining of the volume of business which has come their way. The few who found business not to their

liking must by now see that the motoring public regards them as being superfluous to the industry, and they must be thinking hard whether it is best to accept the verdict, or to make another attempt

to give the buyer what he wants rather than what they think he ought to have.

Owing to the impossibility of seeing all that was to be seen in the time available, and to the exigencies of space, it was impossible for me to refer last week to all the exhibits worthy of notice, so I propose to touch upon a few of these

Among the more The Willyspopular American Overland. cars, one of the best known in this country is the

Willys-Overland. I am not altogether sure that I ought to call it American now, because, although it originally came to us from across the Atlantic, it is actually being constructed in the North of England now. The model which is being exhibited at Stand No. 83 at Olympia is a great advance on the pre-war

and war-time Overlands. It is much lighter, and has a vastly improved system of springing. The latter is of what is known as the three-point suspension triplex type, and that it is very effective has been demonstrated every day during the Show by showing an Overland jumping a five-feet hurdle, landing with an impact of 40,000 foot-pounds. This is a test which very few suspension systems would stand. In use the Overland is undoubtedly a very economical carover 30 miles per gallon fuel is claimed for it; and in consequence of its light weight it should be very good on tyres. At £495 as a complete touring car, it strikes me as being very good value for money.

One of the most successful cars The Delage. in France has been the Delage. The long list of racing successes which are to the credit of this firm is a sufficient indication of the high standard of efficiency reached by the mark. Unlike some of the people who have made their names by racing, Delage has actually applied the knowledge



THE DAY OF THE LIGHT CAR: THE ALBERT-AN ATTRACTIVE EXAMPLE.

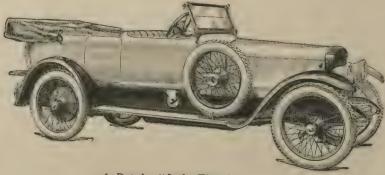
gained in this way to his touring models, with the result that he has produced a very fine car indeed, and one that can stand comparison with the best. Last year he showed us a six-cylinder chassis, which was undoubtedly one of the best things in the Show. This same model is again shown, somewhat improved

Daimler)

"The Car of Outstanding Value"

CHASSIS PRICES

Daimler "Special" 45 h.p. 6 cylinders £1450 "Standard Thirty" 30 h.p. 6 cylinders £1150 "Light. Thirty" 30 h.p. 6 cylinders £,1125



A Daimler "Light Thirty" phaeton car.

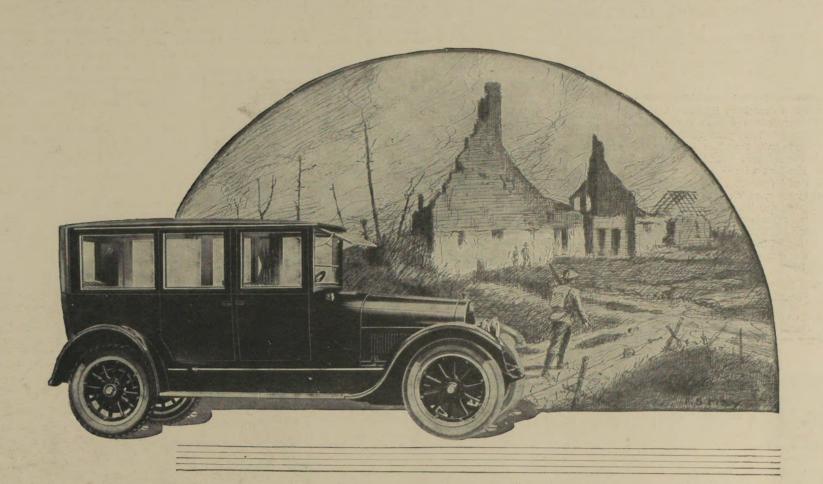
THE Keynote of the Motor Show at Olympia is the quest for value. The Daimler Company invite careful comparison of the prices of their chassis—the quality has obtained world-wide acknowledgment.

A comparison of values will ensure your order being placed for a Daimler

OLYMPIA

THE Famous Daimler Sleeve-Valve Engine is still the ideal motor; its qualities of flexibility, power, reliability and endurance remain unrivalled.

The Daimler Co. Ltd., Daimler Works, Coventry.



A Preference well-founded

Many recent purchasers say their preference for the Cadillac rests on their knowledge of the service it gave as standard staff car for the American Army in France. They assume correctly that the invariable mechanical integrity which made the Cadillac the car to use then makes it the car to own now.

F. S. BENNETT LIMITED

Cadillac House

Orchard St.

London, W.L.

GENERAL MOTORS LIMITED
THURLOE PLACE · LONDON S.W.7



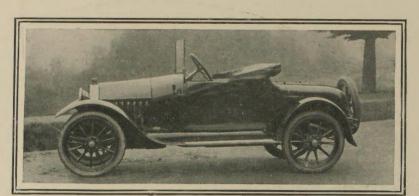
in detail; but the feature of the exhibit is a new car of smaller type. Before the war, Delage made a series of comparatively small cars which were exceed-

ingly popular, not only in France, but The 14-h.p. four-cylinder and the 15'9 six were quite two of the best cars at their rating. In fact, as a small "six," I do not think the Delage model I have mentioned has ever been beaten. A number of former Delage owners expressed disappointment last year that there was nothing to take the place of the pre-war models—the super-refined "six" of last year was out of the reach of most by reason of its price. This year there is the new 15'9 car, which is a very fine production on the lines of the bigger model. The motor is a four-cylinder one, with bore and stroke of 80 and 150 mm. respectively. It is indeed a fine car, but expensive. The price quoted is 37,800 francs, delivery in Paris.

The Scripps-Booth.

The pre-war Scripps-Booth was certainly one of the handsomest cars, especially as a two seater, that has ever come from America. My impression of

it was, however, that its makers had tried to give too much for the price at which it sold, and that in details it was liable to give trouble to its owners. In a way,



A GOOD LIGHT CAR FROM BELGIUM: A 10-12-H.P. "F.N.," 1921 MODEL.

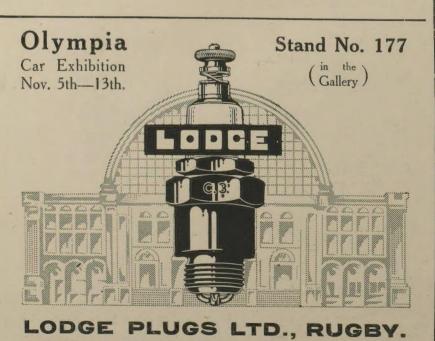
this was a good fault. Not that one wants to have trouble with a car, but it certainly leaves a better taste to encounter it for the reason I have noted than as a consequence of the maker trying to save a little here and pinch a bit more there. The Scripps-Booth has quite got over these early ailments, and in its latest development is, I consider, as good a

medium-priced car as comes from America. The 1921 model is a six-cylinder car of 18.9 rating, the engine having all cylinders cast in a single block, which makes for a very rigid motor. Transmission is through a leather-faced cone clutch and three-speed gear-box to a spiral bevel-driven live axle. Wire detachable wheels are fitted, and the car is provided with a full electric starting and lighting set of the two-unit type. It is shown by Messrs. Whiting, at Stand No. 66 at Olympia.

Another car which is Hupmobile. shown by Messrs. Whiting on the same stand is the 17.1-h.p. Hupmobile - another excellent American chassis. This car has been very well known in England for quite a number of years, and has gained golden opinions from its

users. It was really one of the first of the good Americans to come over, and has fully maintained the reputation which was made by the old model of ten years ago. The motor is one of four cylinders,

ancheste THE The designers have made a bold bid to be answerable for the best Car in the world. THE LANCHESTER MOTOR CO., LTD. ARMOURER MILLS BIRMINGHAM 88 DEANSCATE MANCHESTER 95 NEW BOND STREET



Eumber

ON'T fail to inspect the Cars exhibited at Stand 32, Olympia They represent the Motor Show. supreme achievement of the Humber Company-pioneers of advanced ideas in motor engineering, and manufacturers with a world-wide reputation for establishing new standards of efficiency and value in motor-car construction.

10 H.P. 2-3 SEATER 10 H.P. COUPÉ

159 H.P. CHASSIS 15.9 H.P. SALOON 15.9 H.P. 5-SEATER TOURING CAR

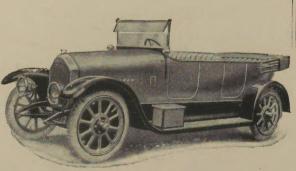
Visitors will receive every attention.

HUMBER LIMITED.

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London: 32, Holbo Viaduct, E.C. Service Denot Canterbury Road Kilburn, N.W.

Southampton: 25 & 27, London, Rd.



AN OWNER PAYS TRIBUTE TO THE

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I consider her an ideal car for two."

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OUR ROLLS-ROYCE WAR.

By LOVAT FRASER.

The military situation in Mesopotamia is improving, as well it may, for India is pouring in thousands of troops, and the British taxpayer is pouring out millions upon millions of pounds.

While India does the bulk of the fighting and the British public finds the money, our wonderful and unchanging War Office is behaving exactly as it bas always done and always will d

Hou

ning for ar pote which its hands.

The War Office says that in warfare there is nothing like the incomparable Rolls-Royce. It is so perfectly constructed that it can carry any amount of armour-plate, stand any climate, and manage to keep moving in any kind of country. All our generals love their Rolls-Royces better than their lunch. rescuing British women and children who have somehow got isolated in the Persian hills, the Rolls-Royce car is unique. It would almost get there without a driver.

These are not exaggerated statements. People who have ordered Rolls-Royce cars are being asked by the War Office to lorgo delivery "in order to promote the safety of "our detachments and women ar lachildre in the new war zone. There he been no walling this a peal since "is use of "policy gold-referity" "" and the safety of the safe

Comma stroke of gen and a control of military occupation, where they were cut off almost at the first blow.

The Rolls-Royce question implies much more than the merits of a famous car. It has a symbolical meaning. The Rolls-Royce car is of such high quality that it is extremely expensive. In the matter of cost this war is on the Rolls-Royce standard, and we cannot afford Rolls-Royce wars. Therefore the Government should end the Mesopotamian campaign as speedily as possible.

Unfortunately it is not at all clear that the Government are going the right way to work to end the campaign. One or two occurrences within the past few days deserve attention.

Last Friday night the India Office announced that Sir Percy Cox, the new High Commissioner, who should reach Bagdad in a day or two, is to take over control of the civil administration of Mesopotamia. He is to do so until he can give effect to "the fixed policy of his Majesty's Government of setting up an Arab State in Mesopotamia," which is to be his primary task.

This announcement clearly will not do. The Government appear to be playing both with the British taxpayers and with the Arabs. The whole issue is: Do they mean to leave the Arabs to "run their own show," or are they thinking of an Arab State pegged down by British garrisons and taught to be good by those wonderful Rolls-Royce armoured cars? In other words, do they mean to keep a garrison in Mesopotamia or not?

That is what they must be convenient refuse to say.

Rolls-Royce armoured cars? In other words, do they mean to keep a garrison in Mesopotamia or not?

That is what the Government refuse to say. That is what they must be compelled to say, and the sooner they say it the better.

A statement with a semi-official flavour, which was circulated on Saturday, contained the ominous remark that the situation in Mesopotamia is due to "the rapid reduction of our fighting and administrative forces, which brought about a weakening of the confidence in our ability to maintain order." If that is the line which semi-official statements from our old friend Mr. Well-Informed Source are to pursue, the sooner Parliament meets the better.

There have been many causes which contributed to the Mesopotamian rising, but the chief cause is that if the Government conceived a "fixed policy" of setting up an Arab State, they evidently forgot to tell their own men on the spot anything about it. The Arabs saw every sign or a permanent military occupation, accompamed by an elaborate civil administration on Brush, not Arab, lines. They saw garrisons everywhere; swarms of new "civil" officials in military uniforms; tax-collectors far more insistent than the Turks; hundreds of British women and children arriving as if they meant to settle down; a general atmosphere of conquest, and the prospect of an absolutely perfect Rolls-Royce Government at Rolls-Royce prices, while all they were expected to do was to watch the beautiful wheels go round. Naturally they kicked. If the fixed policy of the Government has been to form an Arab State, why did they let Mr. Winston Churchill budget in, this year's Army Verimates for a sum of over 21 and 000 for ment.

15, Conduit St., London, W.1.

'thone: Gerrard 1554 (3 lines)

73 by 140 mm. bore and stroke, cast en bloc. Cooling is by thermo-syphon. Transmission is through a disc clutch, of the "dry" type, and centrally operated three-speed gear-box to the rear-axle, final drive being by spiral bevels. The starting and lighting equipment is the well-known Westinghouse set, dynamo and starter being separate units. It is shown as a chassis and as a complete touring car.

Clincher Tyres. The North British Rubber Co., makers of the well-known Clincher tyres, are at Olympia, at Stand No. 223, where they show examples of the "Clincher Cross" cover, which is one of the most effective all-rubber non-skidding tyres that I know. This pattern is made in all standard sizes. There is a new pattern of ribbed tyre, which looks good. There are also grooved and steel-studded covers, and the new straight-sided tyre, which is coming rapidly into favour. In addition, there is a long line of those very useful tyre accessories which are so essential to tyre comfort and safety.

There is very little that one can say of a tyre exhibit. After all, one tyre looks exactly like another save for the differences in the pattern of treads affected by the various makers. It is on the road the story is told of how and why one make may be better or worse than another.

The Avon has long been known as a good tyre. Indeed, I have heard of some extraordinary mileages being travelled on Avons, particularly on the "Sunstone" pattern, which is distinctive in design. For myself, I have had very small experience of this mark, though what I have had has been eminently satisfactory, and I have thus to go on what I hear from those who



CHAIRMAN OF THE MIDLAND AUTO-MOBILE CLUB: MR. BALLIN HINDE, WHO PRESENTED THE PRIZES FOR THE SHELSLEY WALSH HILL-CLIMB. The prize-giving took place at a recent gathering of the Club. This year the star performance was made by Mr. Barber-Lomax, who, driving a Vauxhall, obtained four prizes in the open and closed classes

habitually use them. The fact that I do know of quite a number of car-owners who will use nothing but Avons is a good enough tribute to their quality. In addition to the pattern already mentioned, Avons make a grooved, a steel-studded, and a square-tread pattern, all of which are good.

at Olympia

Facts and Figures Forty per cent. of the total cars exhibited at Olympia and the White City fitted with lighting and White City. White City and starting sets of British manu-

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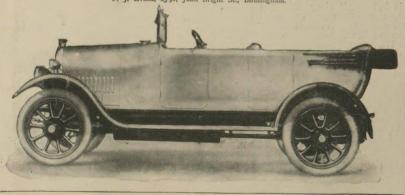
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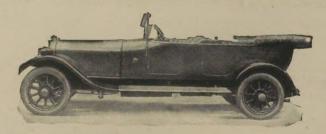
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